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EDITED BY HENRY SEIDEL CANBY

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Why Lee Lost Gettysburg*

BY LIDDELL HART

"IT'S all my fault, I thought my men were invincible." That was Robert E. Lee's mournful comment in bivouac the evening after Gettysburg. It was a repetition, with slight variation, of the words he had used immediately after the failure of his final assault on July 3rd, 1863,—first to General Pickett, then to some of Pickett's surviving officers, then to General Wilcox. By the time that Captain Ross, the Austrian observer, came to call upon him, Lee had had an interval for reflection; but he talked in the same way.

That frank confession of error, and shouldering of blame, is a great tribute to Lee. It gives him a rare distinction in the ranks of famous commanders—how rare, only the deeply read student of military history can appreciate. His confession went beyond the conventional gesture that others have made in the conscious or subconscious hope of winning applause that would drown the echoes of failure—and the words rang true to the honesty of the man. No wonder that his men loved him, both those who were in continual contact and those who merely touched the fringe of his robe. Few commanders have ever gained such intense affection, and none has ever earned it more.

But there is more in his words than generosity; more even than personal honesty. They were true not merely to his personality, but to history. That, at least, is the final impression left upon me by study of, and reflection upon, the one-hundred-and-forty page account of the Gettysburg campaign which opens the two final volumes of Dr. Freeman's monumental biography of Lee.

It is not the impression intended by the author. For while his own historical honesty compels him to cite all the evidence that he has accumulated by untiring research, whatever its tenor, his commentary effort tends to be directed throughout towards minimizing the impression of Lee's own words—and shifting the blame to other shoulders.

There is no question of his sincerity, any more than of his exhaustive research. If he has gone astray in his judgment upon the Battle of Gettysburg, it is from the same cause that led Lee himself astray in his judgment during the battle. Perhaps it is through Dr. Freeman's very gift of placing himself in Lee's shoes and enabling us to see the battlefield over Lee's shoulder—the gift which lends such vividness and value to this book—that he stumbles over the same rock in the path as his hero did.

The chapter which gives the clue to Dr. Freeman's conclusions is entitled "The spirit that inhibits victory." I suggest that a fundamentally truer title would be—"The bullet that forbids assault."

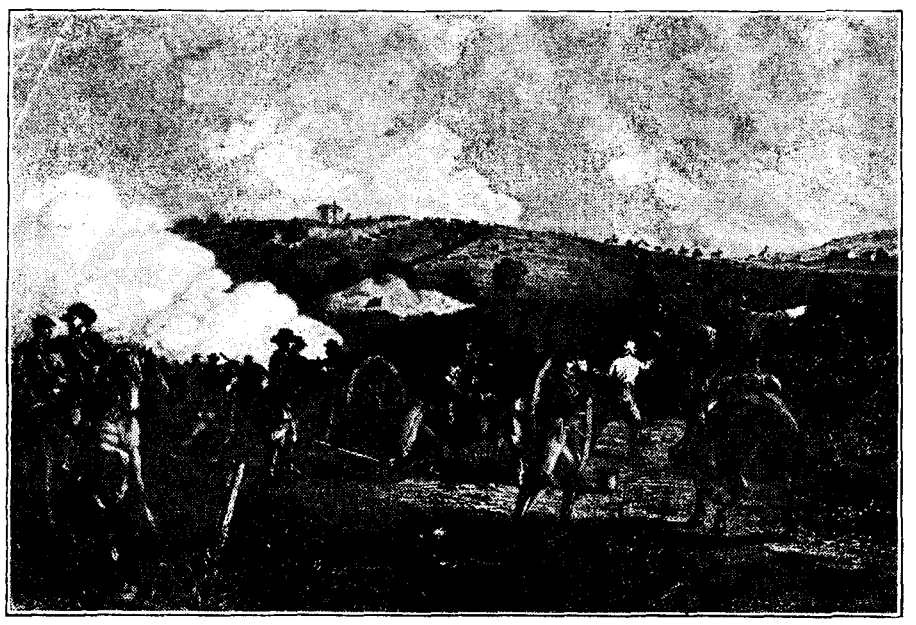
The American Civil War was the first war of the mechanical age; strategically, in the dominating part played by the railway; tactically, in the dominating part played by the projectiles. In this war, the growing power of fire first definitely shifted the balance of advantage from the offensive to the defensive. The bayonet charge became increasingly difficult and costly, unless favored by surprise or concealed approach. The advantage of the defenders was emphasized when they learned to enhance it by the aid of field fortification—the attackers in turn were driven to build cover in order to maintain the ground they had gained within the bullet-swept zone.

These new conditions were, perhaps naturally, realized by the fighting troops before they were appreciated by the higher commanders. Before blaming these generals severely, we should remember that after fifty years' further experience and growth of fire power, their European successors were still blind to the fundamental change of conditions. Thus if Lee had recognized them in 1863 it would have been more remarkable than the fact that he had failed to do so. But here is the fundamental explanation of his failure at Gettysburg.

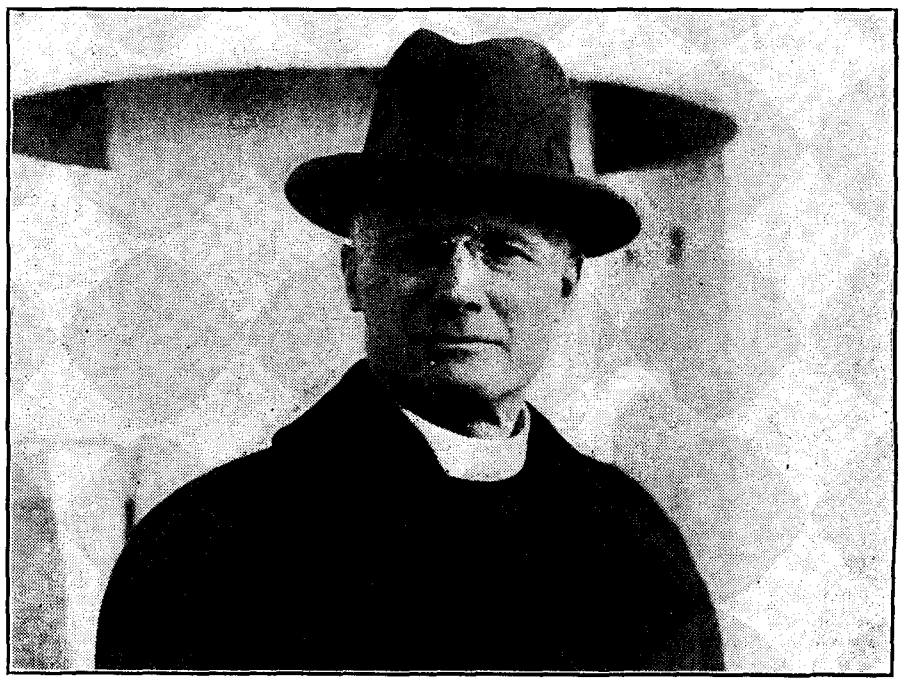
From experience of battles won by his own skilful manœuvres, supplemented by attacks carried out against an ill-prepared defence or under conditions of surprise, he had come to think that his men "were invincible." At Gettysburg he launched them against the well-posted defence of a strong position, and was taught by bitter experience that they were vulnerable—on the battlefield the spirit becomes

(*Continued on page* 568)

* *ROBERT E. LEE. By Douglas Southall Freeman. Vols. III and IV. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.* 1935. $3.75 *each volume.*



THE BATTLE OF GETTYSBURG. *From the Chapin engraving.*



ERNEST DIMNET ON BOARD THE *ROCHAMBEAU*. (*Keystone photo.*)

Dimnet and the French Mind

BY HILAIRE BELLOC

THE Abbé Dimnet* is one of those very rare men who make themselves completely masters of a foreign language: and by "foreign" I mean a language utterly unknown in childhood, to be approached by no family association or even reminiscence of travel. Such men, in my own experience, I have only found in France. It is perhaps the old, now half-abandoned French educational system with its intensity and rigidity which made the miracle possible.

The language which the Abbé Dimnet thus completely mastered, and is now so singularly possessed of, is that common (in the printed form) to England, the United States of America, parts of the British white colonies, and nearly all Ireland. He can actually *write* in it, and of course lecture in it as though it were his own. I never met an Englishman or a German without French connections who had acquired a corresponding possession of French.

By a paradox the great effect of these rare men is to give some glimpse—no more than a glimpse, but a glimpse, of their own country to their readers in that foreign tongue—and this is precisely the function fulfilled by the author of the pages before me. There is in them a minuteness of recollection and description, coupled with vividness, which puts a French boyhood and training—an extreme northern French boyhood and training and development—before the English and American reader, not so much like a picture as like bright landscape seen through the sharp framework of a small window in a darkened room.

But it is not only in his intensely interesting descriptions of his own experience that the author does this: it is also (and much more) in the implications, the unconscious implications, of that experience. In making himself as English as he triumphantly can by language, he reveals the French mind.

For instance: one of the most permanent and deep-rooted characteristics of the Gaul is that which Cæsar noted all those generations ago—an eager interest in "things other than oneself." It is always active. It runs sometimes to the excess of attempted imitation, nearly always to high and usually quite mistaken admiration. Either phase is brief, as national histories go, but while each lasts it is intense. There was the effect of Spain on the seventeenth century French mind; there has been the effect of England on the nineteenth century French mind, now rapidly fading as the twentieth century advances. The strong splendor of monarchy in France from 1660 to the death of the Great King was largely, though in hidden fashion, derived from Spain. The enormous blunder of attempting parliamentarism in modern France was openly and admittedly derived from England. The overshadowing of French academic

* *MY OLD WORLD. By Abbé Dimnet. New York: Simon & Schuster.* 1935. $2.50.

This Week

ELINOR WYLIE
By NANCY HOYT
Reviewed by Carl Van Doren

BREEDING PROFITABLE DAIRY CATTLE
By E. PARMALEE PRENTICE
Reviewed by Secretary Henry A. Wallace

HE SENT FORTH A RAVEN
By ELIZABETH MADOX ROBERTS
Reviewed by Allan Nevins

O, CHAUTAUQUA
By THOMAS W. DUNCAN
Reviewed by MacKinlay Kantor

THE STATE IN THEORY AND PRACTICE
By HAROLD J. LASKI
Reviewed by Robert C. Brooks

DELIVER US FROM DICTATORS
By ROBERT C. BROOKS
Reviewed by G. A. Borgese

TRADE SURVEY
By CHRISTOPHER MORLEY

Next Week or Later

I, CLAUDIUS
By ROBERT GRAVES
Reviewed by Elmer Davis

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thought by German is another example of the same thing.

Now the Abbé Dimnet in these autobiographical pages gives us exactly that. It was the freshness, the "otherness" (to use a barbaric but emphatic term) which gave to this great scholar his enthusiasm for English letters and even for some part of English thought. He tells us in one sharp episode after another how this revelation of a new thing came to him. Note the most central and typical of these steps, the discovery of Newman. He first found Newman's "Apologia" in the shape of a neglected French translation, in gray paper covers, insignificantly called "The Religious Experiences of an English Priest." Newman's mind, so obvious to us in England, comes as a revelation to a French reader. Or note the author's account of how he came across "Tom Brown's School Days" and what a new world it showed him. We in England knew all about these origins of our public school system a century ago, its advantages and disadvantages. We knew how it arose as a necessary, not conscious, organ of our aristocratic society: an institution with the function of creating a special class directing and consolidating the nation by giving *cadres* to the social army. We knew how thoroughly it fulfilled this function, forging and consolidating English unity, in one long lifetime. We know why it is now in decay. We know its vices and its absurdities as well as its strength. But on the French mind it comes as a novelty. That is the point. The open air, the freedom, the aiming at what is oddly called "character," all that delights the French mind when it first feels that breeze as with a sudden discovery. So Léon Daudet in exile was fascinated by something he discovered in the Strand (of all London streets!), and what do you think that was? Why, English cooking.

There is another most French quality about this work. It may be called "cover- [illegible]" I might use the word it was written by a committee. This "covering of the ground" is a special mark of modern French work. It was prominent in the seventeenth and earlier eighteenth centuries; it suffered an eclipse during the emotionalism of the later eighteenth and earlier nineteenth. It revived in the mid-nineteenth and is today perhaps the most French thing about the French—especially in their history but also very apparent in their theology. Who outside modern France, for instance, would have read every document and have determined on understanding every word of each document as did Fustel de Coulanges?

Well, here, in the easy (but close) narrative of a travelling mind the Abbé Dimnet shows that French quality to the full. He has not dipped into, nor explored, nor largely absorbed the English literary achievement. He has incorporated. He has read everything that counts. He has not only read and remembered (he says rather "noted") everything, but he has appreciated the savor of each part. It is an astonishing example of completeness—and the whole vast structure (for it is vast) in proportion: its accumulation digested and rendered organic.

There is a third essentially French attribute in all this: I will call it "Edge."

The best way of expressing the essence of national characters is by a metaphor drawn from physical materials.

Thus you may say of the English that they are made of horn, of the Castilian that he is made of lean leather, but of a Frenchman that he is made of flint. Hence "edge." That in the French which so exasperates their detractors and those who hate them, that in them which baffles their admirers, is this same silexian hardness: hence the impenetrability, the reflection of impact without reception; the isolation, the endurance of the type. Hence the simplicity and failure to adapt. Hence also the endurance unchanged in spite of violent fashions that pass. This "edge" you find in these pages wherever the slightest experience is described; for example, the high local differentiation of French life: province from province, district from district, and, at last, village from village—let alone town from town. See how the writer puts that before you! And who would guess it that travelled, as millions travel, rapidly across the bare French plains?

You get the same thing in the phrases which bring out personalities. The Abbé Dimnet has met everybody—he introduces as passing figures a hundred names: yet each has his adjective, or phrase, or episode that gives him or her precision. I come here upon the names of how many, now dead, whom I myself have known and they reappear, not as names but as people. With what a start did I not recognize Lathbury's widow, so often my hostess: how admirably restored to life in two lines by a comparison with another.

But the crown of these is the passage on Angelier. The greatness of that very great man has never been more thoroughly presented. There is one point, however, where I would criticize. We are told his reputation was "European." It was. But England, as usual, missed what was familiar to all the rest. In Oxford I met only four men who had heard of Angelier while he lived. [illegible] for Scotch- [illegible] older [illegible] and insufficient—appreciation of magnitude in that matter was Yorke-Powell, but even with him as with all his generation, the Dreyfus excitement warped everything and he ended by losing his understanding of French things.

Read this book, therefore, not only for all it has to tell, but to learn from it what is the French mind, and in particular its faculty for complete achievement in that which it seriously sets out to achieve: for no mind is more careless in tasks it does not take seriously. It cannot produce the amateur.

They say men particularly revere talents which they themselves lack. I, who write this, am in part French. I was often taken to France in boyhood and continually met my French cousins. I was a soldier in a French barrack-room and drilling French guns. I have travelled all over France all my life. Yet I cannot write a page of French, nor even a short letter, without help, nor speak for ten minutes in French without making some grotesque error in gender or idiom. And here is Dimnet who never heard a word of English till he was in his teens—who had no avenue of approach to English—writing in English as though he had been born to it and thinking in it. That is achievement.

The Pioneers

By JESSE STUART

AND I am blood of them: I sing it now.
I plow the earth, the same earth that they plowed;
Over old fields so lonely so forgotten now,
Under the sheets of wind and floating cloud.
Who asks more than their sires asked earth to give
To them when these hills were the new frontiers?
I can answer: men want the earth to give
To them more than did these dreamer pioneers.
They want the earth to give to them and they
Do not want to give labor back my friend.
These are new hours: this is the time and day
When we must dig our feet back to the dirt
And bend our backs again to earth and work—
Give something to the earth and take less back,
And seek again the cottage and the shack.

Exquisite Puritan

ELINOR WYLIE. By Nancy Hoyt. New York: The Bobbs-Merrill Company. 1935. $2.50.

Reviewed by CARL VAN DOREN

EVERYBODY who knew Elinor Wylie has waited with misgiving for the first book about her. First biographers are too often fools rushing in to get ahead of the angels, insensitively unaware how hard it is to make the dead live again. With Elinor Wylie this was particularly difficult. Her art had been extraordinary, and her life still more so. A smudge of vulgar scandal had followed

ELINOR WYLIE
From a photograph (previously unpublished) by Nickolas Muray.

her, that exquisite Puritan. There was the danger that her first biographer might mistakenly credit the scandal or quite as mistakenly waste time in arguing against it. Either mistake would spoil whatever could be written. Without that, it would [illegible] dious and salty, heartening and irritating, victim of tragedy and master of comedy.

This book by Nancy Hoyt will quiet any misgivings the best friends of Elinor Wylie may have felt. As Elinor Wylie's sister, Nancy Hoyt had a longer and closer knowledge of her subject than any other practised writer had. As a sister seventeen years younger, with an ocean between the two during much of Nancy's girlhood, she did not take Elinor habitually for granted but became acquainted almost as a friend might have done, making her way into the mystery and making up her mind as she went. Devoted as the sisters later were, Nancy Hoyt's story has a kind of detachment, of the eye if not of the heart. The book is as light and bright as a novel. It is less critical than pictorial, full of how Elinor Wylie looked on different occasions, what she wore and ate and drank, and where she lived, with details of landscapes and interiors. These pictures are never cold or hard. The clothes in the story are as much a part of the woman as Elinor Wylie's always were. The food and drink are delicately in character. The cottages in Hampshire and in Maine and the apartment in Ninth Street are as visible in the text as in the illustrations. Whoever reads the book will see Elinor Wylie as her friends saw her.

Her inner life is not so clearly studied. The narrative goes through the episodes of her flight from Washington to England and of her removal from Washington to New York with little indication of the turmoil in her spirit at those times. Her brilliant erudition is barely hinted at, or her speculative interests, or her general ideas. Although two thirds of the story are taken up with the final seven years in which she was a writer, her writing seems somehow lost in her busy personal life. Her hours of work, the colors of the paper and ink she used, the lovely precision with which she composed, the format of the books she published, the amounts she earned: all these are told, rather than the passion in which she conceived her poems and novels, the intense ardor in which she executed them, her exultations and despairs. Nancy Hoyt, avoiding literary criticism, has omitted a good deal of Elinor Wylie's literary biography.

That is to say, she has written the book she meant to write, not some other. Hers is a charming and indispensable account, which nobody else could have written, of one of the most arresting women of this age or any age. Other books are certain to be written. And if Elinor Wylie has her due, one of them will reconstruct her whole character and history, inner and outer, the people she knew, the societies she moved in and out of. Such a book will have to be dramatic, witty, beautiful, candid. It is, of course, not likely to be told while so many of the actors in it are yet alive. That is a pity, for the story is worthy of a great biographer—or, better still, a Balzac or Tolstoy. Meanwhile, there is Nancy Hoyt's delightful portrait.

A Present Day Minstrel

SPANISH RAGGLE-TAGGLE. By Walter Starkie. New York: E. P. Dutton & Company. 1935. $3.50.

Reviewed by HERSCHEL BRICKELL

THE author of this book of adventures with a fiddle in northern Spain is a college professor—University of Dublin—who takes to the road whenever he can find the leisure and brings back delightful tales. He actually pays his way with his music.

The summer of 1931 found Professor Starkie, with his faithful fiddle and knapsack, crossing from France into Spain by way of a rowboat on the Bidossoa, that wide Basque estuary so well beloved of smugglers since time out of mind. In San Sebastian, who should appear but the Queen of all the Gypsies in Spain, the handsome Augustina Escudero, and San Sebastian on the surface one of the last places you would ever expect to meet a Gypsy queen! He found the painter Zuloaga at Zu-maya living in a palace, he witnessed the reputed appearances of the Virgin at Ezquioga, he saw the Tree of [illegible]

ques in their ways of looking at life, taking Unamuno, Maetzu, and Baroja as his

WALTER STARKIE

three examples. The point is, of course, that while anybody who knows even a little bit about Spain realizes that the Spaniards of one province are not at all like the Spaniards of the next, it is somewhat surprising that the Basques should provide such startling diversities.

In Madrid after he had attended a few tertulias, among them those of Ortega y Gasset, held in the offices of *La Revista de Ocidente*, the distinguished magazine over which the Spanish philosopher presides, and of Ramon del Valle-Inclan, who invents a new story of how he lost his left arm nearly every day, he came down with a fever, but the sisters took such care of him that he recovered.

Mr. Starkie's most engaging volume has far more in common with the early classics of travel in Spain than it has with the run of present-day books. At the same time there is in his book a good deal of thoughtful comment upon the Revolution, and particularly upon the way it has split up families and towns.

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The Bull Index

A REVIEW BY HENRY A. WALLACE
Secretary of Agriculture

BREEDING PROFITABLE DAIRY CATTLE. By E. Parmalee Prentice. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co. 1935. $2.50.

PARMALEE PRENTICE of Mount Hope Farms in the Berkshire Hills of Western Massachusetts, has long been impatient with the conditions of live stock breeding which have interfered with the creation of higher producing strains of dairy cows and poultry. I first became acquainted with him seven or eight years ago when I paid him thirty dollars for a Leghorn rooster. The reason for paying so much was that Dr. H. D. Goodale, his geneticist, had a more complete record of production for the ancestry of his roosters than anyone else in the country. In 1929 on my way to an International Agricultural Economic Conference in Southwestern England, I visited with Prentice at the Mount Hope Farms and he sold me on his Mount Hope bull index. He sold me so thoroughly, in fact, that when I had a little spare time in South Devon, I sold the idea in turn to a Mr. Scott of the South Devon Breeders Association, and this breed became the first to start emancipating itself from the hampering breeding traditions of the English country gentleman.

Mr. Prentice in this book indicates in a rather discreet way his complete disgust with the fashion in which so many breeders have bred for type rather than for production. He doesn't care if a cow has a sloping rump and a black nose if it will produce large quantities of good milk economically. He thinks many of the pure-bred dairy cows are registered scrubs. He doesn't care whether a dairy breed is pure for color and form if it is exceedingly variable with regard to production. Perhaps no person in the entire United States has emphasized this point of view more continuously than Parmalee Prentice. He feels we have just begun in a practical way to improve from a productive point of view the germ plasm of our different organisms. In this I agree with him and trust that the day will come when humanity will take as much interest in the creation of superior forms of life as it has taken in past years in the perfection of superior forms of machinery. In the long run, superior life forms may prove to have a greater profit than machinery. In this I am not suggesting, and I suspect that Parmalee Prentice will agree with me, that anything in particular should be done about the eugenics of the human race at any time in the next hundred years or so. We still have too much to learn about the genetics of animals.

The bull index, of which the Mount Hope Index is one variant, is an astonishingly simple concept. The problem is, "How much milk and butter would this bull produce if he were a cow?" It is believed that a moderately accurate answer to the question can be obtained after the bull has been mated with a large number of cows which have milk and butterfat records and after the heifer calves from these cows have come to maturity, so that the daughters also have milk and butterfat records. The mature butterfat equivalent of the daughters is compared with the mature butterfat equivalent of the dams and in case the daughters produce more than the dams, it is assumed that the bull has been responsible for most of the increase. For example, if the dam to which the bull was mated produced ten thousand pounds of milk and the daughter produced twelve thousand pounds of milk, it would be assumed that the bull was the cause of the two thousand pounds increase in the daughter and, therefore, the bull, if he had been a cow, would have produced fourteen thousand pounds of milk. Or stating it the other way around, assuming that the daughter gets half her heredity from the bull and half from the dam, fourteen thousand pounds representing the bull's milk producing ability plus ten thousand pounds representing the dam's producing ability, divided by two, gives twelve thousand pounds which is the daughter's producing ability. This simplified statement gives the general theory of the bull index. Of course, actually you cannot place any confidence in a bull index unless you have at least five dam-daughter pairs and better yet, ten or more. The dairy breeds from a productive point of view have such a heterogeneous ancestry that oftentimes a bull even of presumably excellent productive ancestry turns out to have a low index. It is such bulls which are responsible for the thousands of pure-bred registered scrubs which we have in this country. It is by extended use of the bull index that Mr. Prentice wants to get rid of them. Some of the dairy breeders have read the handwriting on the wall and have started excellent work looking toward extensive use of the bull index. Others have been a little slow and have kicked against Mr. Prentice's pricks. When he was younger he was occasionally a little more vigorous than tactful and some of the breeders developed emotional resistances.

It would not be fair, of course, to indicate that dairy breeders are more backward than other animal breeders. As a matter of fact, they have probably made more progress in advancing the inherent productive ability of their animal than is the case with the breeders of other types of live stock. Nevertheless, from the standpoint of ultimate potentialities, I am inclined to agree with Parmalee Prentice in his diagnosis. Occasional animals have been extraordinarily productive but there have not yet been perfected many strains with the ability to convey uniformly to their offspring high productive ability.

From many points of view, I feel that Prentice's book is just a starter. The bull index is splendid as far as it goes. If dairy records are kept by the millions as they should be in this country, it should be possible to find thousands of bulls whose index based on ten or more dam-daughter pairs is remarkably high. By concentrating the favorable germ plasm of these bulls, it should be possible within the next thirty years to increase the inherent productive power of our dairy cows by at least fifty per cent. While an increase of this sort will have tremendous significance, it is by no means the ultimate. The ultimate will be to concentrate by inbreeding the superior bulls and then discovering the closely bred strains of cows with which the inbred bulls combine to the best advantage. It will be discovered that bulls of certain inbred strains will combine to unusual advantage with one strain of closely bred cows but not with another strain. The bull index approach does not take into account the theory of good and bad "genetic tensions." I do not care to take the time to discuss my own theories as to the ultimates in live stock breeding, but do wish to go on record with the thought that the discovery of superior sires by means of the bull index is merely a starter on the way toward the ultimate in superior germ plasm. Moreover, in our breeding, it seems to me that we must keep in mind not only the ability to produce large quantities of milk and butterfat but also resistance to such diseases as tuberculosis, contagious abortion, etc., etc. Vitality as expressed in large milk production may not always be vitality from the standpoint of fertility, resistance to disease, and the like.

An interesting thing about the Prentice book is its combination of the practical and the classical touch. He has delved into both Roman and medieval history to discover the traditions of the past and to indicate that most of the contemporary breeders have not gone much beyond the ancient worthies in their breeding concepts.

When Parmalee Prentice comes to talk about agricultural economics I find myself somewhat in disagreement with him. He makes the statement that

> in agriculture there has been no such great increase of efficiency as has been secured in other industries. High wages are paid out of high income and high income is the result of high efficiency. Low efficiency and high wages cannot long go together, and so we have seen migration from the country where efficiency and wages are comparatively low, to the town where efficiency and wages are comparatively high.

Surely Mr. Prentice cannot mean all that his words seem to say. He surely does not believe that the migration from the farm to town is due to lack of efficiency on the part of the farmer. As a matter of fact, it was agricultural efficiency which made our large urban population possible. When our farmers were inefficient it took nine farm families to support one family in town. Today one farm family supports three or four families in town. If Parmalee Prentice's dreams come true, one farm family will be able to support six or seven families in town. As I read our economic history, it seems to me that the migration from country to town is evidence not of low agricultural efficiency but rather of the competitive disadvantages under which agriculture has operated for centuries. When we keep in mind the ancient nature of agriculture and compare increases in efficiency in agriculture with that part of city industry which is similarly ancient, we discover that agriculture has increased much more in efficiency than industry. The dairy farmer, for instance, has increased far more in efficiency than the bricklayer or the carpenter. Of course, special new industries, like the automobile industry, have doubled, trebled, and quadrupled their efficiency within the last thirty years. A situation of that sort is inherent in the very nature of a new industry. But the fact remains that even between 1900 and 1930 the same total farm population produced about 65 per cent more food for a 65 per cent greater population, while it took twice as many factory workers to produce three times as much of industrial products, or an increase in output per factory person of about 50 per cent.

No, I refuse to have the efficiency of the American farmer maligned, even though I know that he could do an almost infinitely better job than he does. But so also could industry. The farmer is as good a man as the city man and I refuse to have him put in the back seat.

In the case of labor, I am quite willing to grant, as Mr. Prentice suggests, that high wages are a direct result of high efficiency. That is the reason the prosperity of the United States previous to 1929 was due to the ability of an hour of man labor in the United States to turn out more goods than an hour of man labor in other countries, and not to the high protective tariff. Carefully compiled figures indicate that the increase in real wages in the United States is almost exactly the same as the increase in per capita output of goods in the United States. Of course, this is axiomatic, but the figures actually prove it. Yet while this has been true for city labor, it has not been true for agriculture. Until rather recently agriculture has not been in position to engage in effective collective bargaining. Increased efficiency in agriculture actually has resulted at times in lowered ability to buy the goods of city industry. Of course, in a free trade world without monopoly or labor union restrictions, this would not be the case. Neither would it be the case if agriculture were as well organized as labor and industry. When the different bargaining units are equally flexible and equally rigid, there is every reason to believe that increased efficiency properly directed will result in the happy outcome to which Mr. Prentice refers. At the present time if we had twenty-five million Prentice cows instead of twenty-five million ordinary cows, the shock to the dairy industry would for several years be very severe. The transition from scientific insight to economic realization is fortunately not quite as rapid as some of the scientists would like. Or possibly we should say the ability of the economists and society to handle the splendid insights and powers which the scientists would give us is still somewhat immature.

SECRETARY WALLACE IN AN APPROPRIATE FARMLAND SETTING
Courtesy of the Des Moines Register and Tribune.

Inflation, 1936—?

INFLATION AHEAD! WHAT TO DO ABOUT IT. By W. M. Kiplinger and Frederick Shelton. New York: Simon & Schuster. 1935. $1.

Reviewed by WILLIAM O. SCROGGS

IN this brochure the authors forecast the "probable" coming of inflation and then undertake to answer questions which will occur to every intelligent person who wishes to avoid its evil consequences and if possible to utilize inflation to his economic advantage. Messrs. Kiplinger and Shelton are more cautious than Major Angas, the British forecaster, who caused a short-lived flurry in the New York stock market last summer by his prediction that an inflationary boom was immediately at hand. They believe that we shall witness the beginnings of inflation during the current year, but that the visible effects will not be prominent before 1936. Then for the next three or four years the country will experience increasing business activity and rising prices. Industrial production may rise fifty per cent above present levels; commodity prices may rise from twenty-five to fifty per cent; the prices of industrial stocks perhaps one hundred per cent, and the prices of bonds about twenty per cent.

If these forecasts are correct, those who live on salaries and receive their income from investments will face the problem of adjustment to the higher living costs in prospect. Every business man will also need to adapt his affairs to the new situation. To all who will be affected in one way or another by the prospective inflation, the authors undertake to offer guidance. They do so conservatively. They present no sure-fire schemes. They warn their readers not to swallow their advice whole, but to study the facts and to do their own thinking. They emphasize the need of planning early and avoiding snap judgment when the excitement of inflation is at hand.

The author's attitude is safe and sane. If such precepts as theirs had been published and heeded in the mad days of 1929 many of those who lost their shirts in the crash of that year would now be wiser and wealthier.

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The Saturday Review
of LITERATURE

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Help the Libraries

The public libraries of the country are to seek an annual appropriation of $50,000,000 to $100,000,000 from the Federal Government for nation-wide development of library service. What, more of the taxpayers' money to be spent! Yes, and we hope they get it. In the frantic appeals for money for food, clothing, and shelter, it has too often been forgotten that the evil results of the depression have not stopped at the borderline of physical need. Indeed it may truly be said that the cumulative effect of unemployment, and of worry and fear, have made the right use of leisure and the strengthening of mental morale of the highest importance.

There is absolutely no service so vital, so good without qualifications, so helpful to mental readjustment and recovery as the library. One half of the population (we are told) of most small towns makes use of the library. Not more than 25% of the population of a great city like New York are registered borrowers; nevertheless 33 million books were lent for home use in 1932 in New York. Yet year by year since the depression began the possibilities of such service have been cut down. "In four years," writes a New York librarian, "the demands on the libraries of the city have grown some 25%." And yet the book appropriations of the New York Public Library have been reduced 77%.

And this is only New York. In thousands of towns and cities the demand upon the libraries is without precedent and the cuts in their facilities without precedent also. We are informed that a mention of a book old or new by a popular speaker on the radio usually results in immediate requests at the nearest library, which usually cannot be satisfied, for there is so little money to buy new books or replace or duplicate old ones.

And surely if one of the objects of recovery is to make life richer, and one of the objects of reform is to make leisure more profitable, and if one of the remedies for the state of depression is to give the popular mind better food than worry and distrust to feed upon, and if the necessary objective of every democracy is adult education, which means nine times out of ten reading, then certainly there is no better way of spending a reasonable amount of federal money than in the library service, where and when the state or municipality has reached its limit. We note that 50% of the desired fund is to be distributed to the states on the basis of population, and the other 50% on the basis of need, as determined by studies to be made by library agencies—which also seems fair and sound.

It is reported on what seems to be good evidence that wealthy ladies on Long Island are being asked to report the number of bushels of potatoes that they *could* grow on their four-acre flower and greens gardens, if they should ever wish to grow potatoes, which they don't—and are being offered checks for confining their efforts to dahlias, lettuce, and sweet peas. Well, the farmers need help—but so do thousands whose leisure, whether hard won or enforced, is an important part of their lives. And for this leisure books are a marvellous fertilizer.

John Strachey With reference to Mr. Strachey, has there ever been a better instance of how ill advised are those who would clamp down on free speech with anything short of the powers of an absolute dictator? For one American who might have heard or read of Mr. Strachey's ideas there have been ten since his enemies tried to muzzle him. But far more important for those of us who believe in the shaping, not the suppression, of opinion, is the unwillingness of these same enemies to distinguish between criticism and subversion of the policies of our government. The distinction may not always be easy to make, but it is vital. Stop criticism, stop particularly criticism of the very principles upon which our government is founded, and you jeopardize that free movement of the mind which alone can meet and control the inevitable and recurring necessity of change. Mr. Strachey is an Oxford debater, sparring for points; he is a gadfly, not a bomb thrower, and we need gadflies to sting us to a realization that we can't win the game in which we are sitting now, by standing pat.

"FOR MY BIRTHDAY SHE GAVE ME THE BOOK OF THE MONTH BEFORE LAST."

Letters to the Editor: *A Reply to Mr. Tinker on Editing Boswell*

Hill's Boswell

SIR:—Professor Tinker in his review in your issue of 26 January (p. 446) of the revised edition of Birkbeck Hill's Boswell devotes the greater part of two columns to a criticism of the publisher's policy. By deciding to revise Birkbeck Hill, instead of producing a new variorum edition, they have postponed for half a century the right solution of the problem.

Any judgment of Professor Tinker on such a theme deserves, and will receive, most respectful consideration. His condemnation of the procedure adopted is based on two grounds: that Hill was discursive, sometimes to irrelevance; and that the way of revision results in inconvenience, some of the new matter being on the pages to which it refers, most of it in appendixes at the ends of volumes. Of these evils Professor Tinker seems to regard the second as the more serious. Of the former he says that there "was an imperative need of condensation"; but he gives no estimate of the amount that should, or that could, have been excised. Much more stress is laid on the latter evil; "the difficulty of finding out exactly what has been added to our knowledge . . . requires a perpetual oscillation . . . between footnotes and appendices." This objection is elaborated in very great detail; and an admission that the method has "one advantage" is quickly retracted:

> One advantage there is in this exclusion of Mr. Powell's more important notes to a final appendix. It does assemble, though in four different places, his more significant discoveries.

Professor Tinker goes on to indicate the bulk (though not the quality) of these discoveries; and proceeds thus:

> All this confusion might have been avoided if the Oxford Press had been willing to encourage Mr. Powell to prepare a wholly new edition.

So that "an advantage" becomes "all this confusion."

"All this confusion might have been avoided." And what of the confusion that would have been created? It is strange that Professor Tinker should imply that the method adopted is due to mere superstition, or negligence, or stupidity, and should give no hint of the grounds on which it was based, though they must be well known to him. They were stated in a letter which I addressed on behalf of the Oxford University Press to the *Times Literary Supplement* of 23 July, 1923! The conclusions of that letter have never, to my recollection, been challenged. They are recapitulated by Mr. Powell in the first page of his preface:

> It is only necessary to say that Dr. Hill's edition has long been accepted as standard; it has accordingly been referred to by volume and page in most works of reference and many other important books published during the last half century; to maintain the standard method of reference was imperative.

"Even the original pagination is retained," Professor Tinker exclaims, as if that were a climax of absurdity. The necessity of retaining the original pagination was in fact the ground, and the sole ground, of the decision.

The body of Johnsonian and Boswellian literature which has been compiled since 1887 is very great. In includes—to mention some only of the central books—Hill's own "Letters of Johnson" and "Johnsonian Miscellanies"; Courtney's Bibliography of Johnson, and Professor Pottle's of Boswell; Professor Tinker's own edition of Boswell's Letters; Mr. R. B. Adam's monumental catalogue; the eighteen volumes of the Boswell Papers, and the six volumes of Mr. Reade's "Gleanings." All these works, and many others, bristle with references to Boswell's "Life"; and nearly all of them are references to the *volumes and pages of Hill.*

Now if the new edition had been constructed according to Professor Tinker's plan, it would have been out of gear with the whole of the rest of the machinery. A reader of Mr. Reade, for instance, would have had to go first to Hill's edition; having found the place there he would have had to grope for it in the new edition. Can it be wondered that we shrank from thinking so well of ourselves as to put forward as standard a new edition which should ignore the great edifice built up by fifty years of laborious scholarship? What gains were possible that could have justified so great a sacrifice?

What would be said of an editor of Cicero who should so arrange his text that the place could not be found in it from any other classical connotary or from Lewis & Short's Latin Dictionary? The problem to which Professor Tinker has called attention arises out of the failure of former editors to provide for the English prose classics any system of reference which is at once precise and permanent. "Republic" 365a finds the place, within five lines, in all editions of Plato, all dictionaries, and all books in which Plato is discussed, throughout the world. But you cannot, without using ephemeral references, get closer to a particular passage in Scott than "Rob Roy ch. 23"; and that chapter contains some ten pages. As a rule it does not very much matter, because few of our prose books have become, as Boswell's "Life" has become, the nucleus of a whole literature. But in such a case the difficulty is acute. References had to be precise, and it is not surprising that scholars have taken the natural choice, and have proceeded on the assumption that references to Hill would stand for ever. I do not say they will; sooner or later we may alter the calendar, or our method of counting. But that operation will not be painless. The inconvenience we should have caused today by following Professor Tinker's radicalism would have been indefinitely greater than any inconvenience caused by our modest conservatism.

Johnsonians who have been waiting for Professor Tinker's opinion of Mr. Powell's work will regret that his preoccupation with a problem of method has precluded him from expressing any view on the merits of the revision to which Mr. Powell has devoted the leisure of twelve years. It is not for me to complain of that. But I ought to make it clear that the decision to proceed by retention of Hill's pagination was not Mr. Powell's; the responsibility for that decision is mine.

R. W. CHAPMAN.

The Clarendon Press,
Oxford, England

Harold Frederic

SIR:—I have to make the biographer's standard but by no means unimportant public appeal for letters and reminiscences. If I should take space in your Personal column, I shall be glad to do so; since, however, for lack of recent precedent, I am not sure whether I belong with the essayists or the lonely hearts, I am first addressing the Editor.

I am writing a biography and critical study of Harold Frederic. It is to be free from psychoanalysis and as rich in circumstance as I can make it. I should like to hear from persons who have Frederic letters or who knew him, and I shall demand no affidavits of the minute exactitude of recollections. There has been no full length portrait or even an altogether accurate sketch of him; the very D. A. B. was content to rephrase the obits and to rattle the well-known skeleton.

Frederic is remarkable among the local colorists because he did not write of the romantic past or the archaic present; there is in his work no rustling of ancient brocades, no clanking of noble cutlery. His books are not so much museums as laboratories in which we may study the interaction of diverse cultures. Whoever has read "Seth's Brother's Wife" or "Marsena" need not be reminded of Frederic's importance in the literary history of America.

PAUL HAINES.

100 Washington Square East,
New York City.

The Saturday Review recommends

This Group of Current Books:

MY OLD WORLD. By ABBÉ DIMNET. *Simon & Schuster.* An autobiographical chronicle which is a revelation of the French mind.

HE SENT FORTH A RAVEN. By ELIZABETH MADOX ROBERTS. *Viking.* A novel of the Kentucky mountaineers by the author of "The Time of Man."

PANIC. By ARCHIBALD MACLEISH. *Houghton Mifflin.* A drama of the industrial crisis in verse.

This Less Recent Book:

ANGELS AND EARTHLY CREATURES. By ELINOR WYLIE. *Knopf.* A posthumous volume of poems by one of the most distinguished of twentieth century poets.

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Home in Kentucky

HE SENT FORTH A RAVEN. By Elizabeth Madox Roberts. New York: The Viking Press. 1935. $2.50.

Reviewed by ALLAN NEVINS

EVER since Miss Roberts published "The Time of Man" in 1926 the admirers of that book have been wishing that she would write something which reproduced its quality if not its scope. That book came as close to the soil as anything of Hamlin Garland's; it created one character, the girl Ellen of the tobacco fields, who caught at the heart-strings; it reported the rich and racy speech, the quaint ideas, of the folk of the Kentucky countryside with evident veracity; it offered a succession of poignant situations; and over it there lay an aura of poetry which gave it a distinction all its own. But Miss Roberts seemed unable or unwilling to reopen that vein. She offered her readers in one book a fine but sketchy historical novel, in another a harrowingly intense but badly told story of abnormality, in a third a "fantasy" that was all east wind. To come down to the plane of good red earth and everyday people, to report life without distortion, to write directly

ELIZABETH MADOX ROBERTS

instead of obliquely—that she did now and then in an admirable short story, but seldom elsewhere.

It is therefore gratifying to report that in this book she is coming back to what some of us have supposed was her proper field; that if she is not all the way back, she is on the road. For here is again the Kentucky she herself has known. Here are the tobacco-fields, the woods, the country roads, the cabins, the farmhouses. Here are the people of that region; some of them plain, everyday people, some eccentrics—Sol Dickon, who in the intervals of carpentering and field-work has written a "Cosmograph" giving his philosophy of creation; Jack Briggs of Gritty Creek, who got hit on the head by a monkey-wrench and took up wayside preaching; various rustics who recall Thomas Hardy and yet are plainly enough of Kentucky. Here is plenty of ordinary and yet interesting action, such as befalls the career of any strongly individualized family in the course of a generation. The story is not told as directly, vigorously, and racily as in Miss Roberts's first book, and is far from being as rich and full. But it is of all her later works the one that comes closest to "The Time of Man." Nothing she writes is without touches of genius, but in this the genius is less subtle, bizarre, and intermittent than previously.

As in most of Miss Roberts's work, the central figure is a girl, and a girl not befriended by luck or circumstance. Jocelle, whose rather rough way we follow from infancy to marriage, in the years before, during, and after the World War, has lost her parents. Her father is dead; her mother was the kind of woman she would gladly forget. She is reared in the country by her grandfather, Stoner Drake, a well-to-do landowner and another eccentric; for when his second wife died, he took a vow never to set foot to earth again. From his house, with the aid of a bridge built across its top and strong spyglasses, he manages his acres. Yet he is not an ill guide for the young girl, and his rough, outspoken manliness helps shape her aright. The war comes. She is in love with the county agent, Logan. There is an adventure, as distasteful to her as it is hasty, with a young veteran named Walter. Her lover, Logan, a conscientious objector, falls into difficulties with the law and with public sentiment, and becomes almost a fugitive. From these general materials spring the incidents of the novel, which is short, rapid of pace, simple of style, and beautifully written. In the background passes the noise and anger of the war, and something is told of its economic effects upon the countryside. But in the main it is a story of character—of the girl Jocelle, of the grim old man her grandfather, vow-ridden but practical and forthright, of the idealist who hates the conflict, of the picturesque field-preacher. As the title indicates, there are perhaps symbolic values in the tale; if so, each reader can apply his own philosophy to find them.

Whatever can be said of Miss Roberts, it cannot be said that she lacks fine gifts, that she takes her powers with insufficient seriousness, or that she is afraid to experiment. In some respects she has manifestly grown. Perhaps she has now finished her phase of experimentation, and is ready for a period of mature and sure-footed work.

Unjust Destiny

CALL ME ISHMAEL. By Loyd Collins. New York: Dodd, Mead & Company. 1935. $2.

Reviewed by WILLIAM DOERFLINGER

ISHMAEL is the son of toil who wandered lonely in the world's confusing wilderness, till in later years, after his marriage to an Egyptian girl, he gradually gave up the roving life. In time, the wild and solitary archer became an accredited patriarch, but modern literature remembers him as he was in his youth.

It was a young man of that sort who shipped with Captain Ahab to hunt the white whale somehow symbolic of the evil in created things, and in Mr. Collins's powerful first novel, an Ishmael of the 1930's goes down to the sea as sailors know it today. This is a tense, swiftly running narrative of liquor smuggling and deep-water intrigue on a tramp steamer's voyage to the West Indies and Calcutta, then home to New York with a fortune in contraband whiskey below decks. It is a yarn which may grow a bit tall in its closing chapters, but which for vividness of background is a work of art.

Here are New York and Hoboken as sailors know them—the shipping offices, the Institute, the half-hearted agitations of waterfront radicals, the furnished rooms and coffee pots and beer saloons where tars foregather along South Street and West Street and across on the hard-boiled Jersey shore. And Mr. Collins's picture of Calcutta from the water side is equally real, catching all the slowness of a man's days while his ship loads alongside foreign docks for the voyage towards the unattainable at home.

Particularly well done is the scene depicting the rescue of a derelict rum-runner in mid-Atlantic, the madness of her crew, and the labor of the weary men of the *Mindanao* on the stranger's sinking decks as they shift her whiskey sacks aboard their own vessel. Buoyed up, as they work, by hollow hopes of monetary reward, in the end they win only bitter memories.

An unusual love story unfolds against this vivid background of harbor front and open sea, moulding and giving meaning to every impression which passes through the consciousness of the protagonist, "Irish" Burke. There is a blonde girl in Hoboken who spends one night with Burke but writes to his friend Karil when the *Mindanao* is at sea, and her absence makes the voyage seem endless to both. Towards the climax, all these realities of mind and circumstance are heightened into intense action which culminates like a violent, tragic dream visioned amid pistol smoke swirling through a Hoboken barroom.

Class propaganda, as such, has no direct part in this memorable personal story of a sailor, yet at its close one finds oneself pondering on the injustice of the sailor's destiny.

The Passing of the Patched Parasol

O, CHAUTAUQUA. By Thomas W. Duncan. New York: Coward-McCann. 1935. $2.

Reviewed by MACKINLAY KANTOR

DURING the first quarter of this century there occurred a phenomenon, principally in the smaller towns of the central United States, which had no parallel at any other period of our development. Great brown umbrellas of canvas rose periodically like ubiquitous mushrooms in the courthouse parks and schoolyards, and beneath their humid warp they sheltered the choicest collection of bell-ringers, German bands, clowns, wise men, evangelists, and utter mountebanks ever paraded.

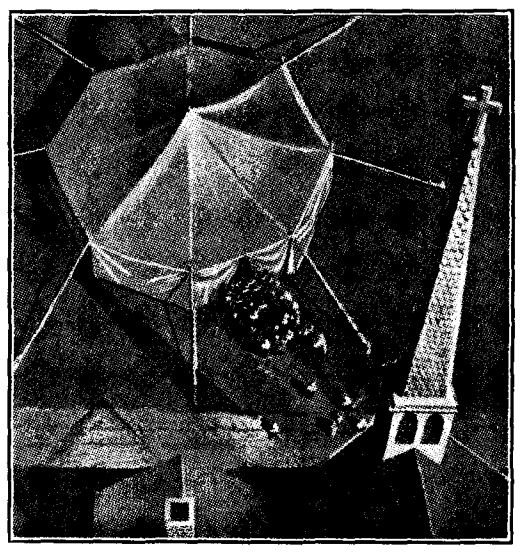
It is of this strange manifestation, the American Chautauqua, that Thomas W. Duncan of Iowa has written his first novel. The people who include still the portraits of Sinclair Lewis, H. L. Mencken, and similar prophets in their private hate galleries may now make room for the genial visage of young Mr. Duncan.

"O, Chautauqua" is doubtless the season's best job of skinning alive. Since skinning alive has become somewhat outmoded, and since "O, Chautauqua" arrives ten years too late to be a surgical operation instead of a coroner's autopsy, it may not receive all the plaudits it deserves.

The novel is dated in that far-gone era when there was but one LaFollette for the righteous to contend against, when Coolidge was more than a chilly name etched amid the stones of a New England burying-ground. The Chautauqua which boasted seven thousand towns in its various circuits and systems has vanished from the schoolyards of Minerva and Henning and Thunder River. I am told that last year not one patched parasol sprouted aloft to shelter the Scotch Highlanders' Ladies Band or the Reverend Dr. Edgar Clarkson — "that renowned lecturer, that friend of humanity, that walker with kings, that never-loser-of-the-common-touch, whose subject this afternoon is 'New Piston-Rings for the Community Flivver.'"

Mr. Duncan's dissection of the corpse is done with the fervent gusto of a hungry butcher making hamburger. But his ghoulish rage is studied, for all its energy: essentially he is a humanitarian, and naive kindliness glimmers like silver through his most shattering attack. This novel is both picaresque and peripatetic, as explained capably by that loyal constituent of the Nonpareil System, Doctor Herman Lingfish.

> With a twig he scratched lines in the hard sand. . . . "Now, there's Wisconsin. That's the way this part of the country looks to God. We'll mark six crosses in a circle. Those are tents. Today they're tearing down a tent there, and getting ready to truck it on, and at this cross they're setting up a tent.
>
> "At these other crosses the talent is playing; this big circle keeps moving, and the talent keeps moving, too. There's the Junior Lady—you know, have charge of the kids — and there's crew-boys and superintendents —six of each—two for each tent. I move all around, keeping 'em out of mischief."



GRANT WOOD'S DESIGN FOR THE JACKET OF "O, CHAUTAUQUA"

However earnest the Doctor's desire to keep them out of mischief, he is not the man to contend with as inventive and sprightly a creator as Mr. Duncan.

Through all the machinations of the characters, the great god Chautauqua lifts up its head, and a hundred Kings of Glory stalk through its everlasting doors. The colloquial antiquarian of the 1920's will find a rich harvest here. The author, with shrewd eye and unfaltering ear, lifts his tale to a plane far above the ordinary aggressions against the smugness of the pre-Depression midwest.

How deeply the influence of Sinclair Lewis has permeated the stuff and structure of modern native novels cannot be determined as yet. Mr. Duncan shows the color of Lewis most decidedly, but he has a heartening originality and even more surprising, a rare and lyrical pathos. His humor is more sincere and his laughter more hearty than that of the Lewis who published his first novel so long ago. Thomas Duncan's ear catches the speech and inflective mannerism of the North Central states with faultless precision, and thus his work would be valuable if it possessed that virtue alone. It possesses a great deal more.

The jacket of "O, Chautauqua" is from the brush of Grant Wood, Iowa artist who has just carried by storm that conservative citadel—the American Academy of Design. The substance of "O, Chautauqua" is as tart and pungent and compelling as the Wood painting, "Daughters of the Revolution." Iowa should pick up this book and preen itself. But Iowa will not. Iowa will be perfectly furious.

McKinlay Kantor is a novelist whose own books have the vividness and pungency which he ascribes to "O, Chautauqua." His recent "Long Remember," a realistic tale of the battle of Gettysburg and events behind the lines has just been followed by a volume of verse, "Turkey in the Straw," reviewed elsewhere in this issue.

School Life

CARTWHEELS. By Roger Burlingame. New York. Doubleday, Doran & Co. 1935. $2.50.

Reviewed by CURRIE CABOT

MR. BURLINGAME in this novel builds up a very real, a very solid world. It is a world tightly confined within the limits of a boys' school, and given intensity by the fact of its confinement. Within the brick walls of the school exist the complex strain and thrust of lives packed hard and close, boys and masters and masters' wives; each one, thanks to Mr. Burlingame's careful effort of creation, an individual able to exert the impact of his or her personality. Against this background of controlled tension the psychological drama of Dan Andrews, a new headmaster with advanced theories of education, moves with slow strength. Dan Andrews is shown to us at first as an essentially simple and uncompromising figure; when we leave him he has grown complex and mature.

It is a virtue of Mr. Burlingame's that his characters have substance. They are there, like people in real life, some pale, some interesting, but always solid bodies that cannot be ignored or overlooked. This quality of actuality, when the characters are dull, makes us a bit impatient of them—Mr. Burlingame does not possess the twist of humor that can make odious people fascinating—but what an asset it is, this actuality, when it is added to the rich and beautiful personality of Helen Post, the woman Dan Andrews loves, or to the homely strength and serenity of the old school-housekeeper, Mrs. Dunn.

The picture of boarding-school life has an authentic ring, as of something carefully remembered, and painstakingly recreated. "Cartwheels" is a book that must bring innumerable small shocks of recognition to any man who was once a boy at a certain type of Eastern school. In its pages are the smells and sights and sounds of school life; and the book, as such, should prove absorbing to men.

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Stalin, Mussolini . . .

THE STATE IN THEORY AND PRACTICE. By Harold J. Laski. New York: The Viking Press. 1935. $3.

Reviewed by ROBERT C. BROOKS

ONE may agree with the publisher's blurb that this is "a serious book on the state, written in a temperate and elevated style." To say that it is "exciting," however, is going too far. For one thing the book lacks novelty. It is not so much a sequel to Mr. Laski's "Democracy in Crisis" as a restatement of the central thesis of that work, supplemented by further philosophical and historical material. Moreover, the threat of impending fascist dictatorship has been repeated so often that it has lost much of the terror which it inspired originally. If, however, one may interpret the word "exciting" to mean "inspiring to thought and criticism," there can be no doubt that "The State in Theory and Practice" richly deserves to be so characterized. Mr. Laski is a professor's professor rather than a popularizing professor; whatever he writes is certain to be read carefully and discussed vigorously by members of the American Political Science Association and of allied learned bodies in the social sciences.

The central thesis of this book, then, as of Mr. Laski's earlier "Democracy in Crisis," is repeated so frequently that he who runs may read. In brief it is as follows: democracy of the nineteenth century-and-after type is capitalistic democracy; between its capitalistic and democratic elements there is an irrepressible conflict; so long as prosperity continued the wicked partner, capital, could make concessions to democracy sufficient to keep the latter content; now, however, that depression is upon us capital must and will fight to maintain its privileges, nor will it hesitate to destroy democracy and resort to fascism with that end in view.

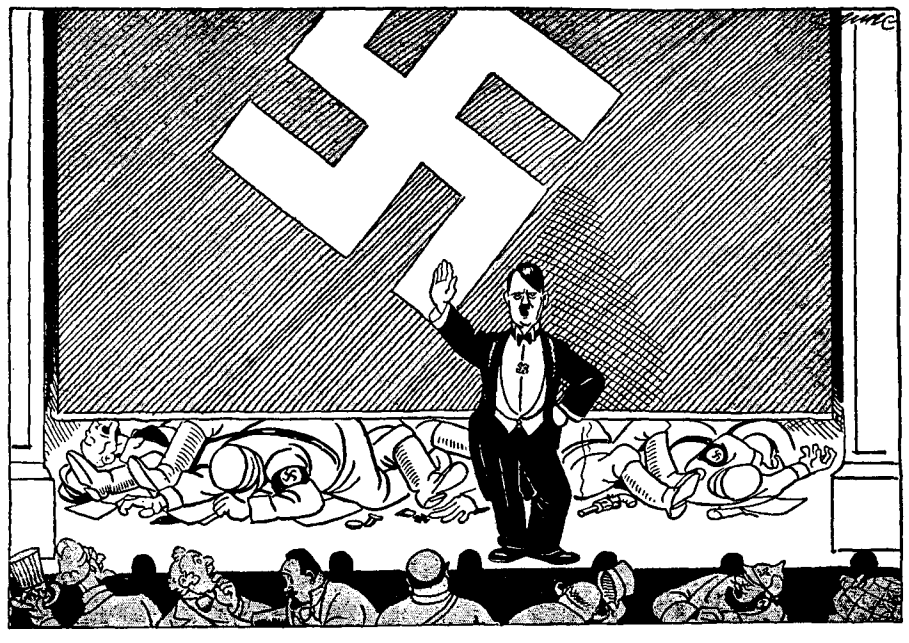
It has been only a decade or so since socialists preached the prompt advent of socialism either by evolution or revolution. Subsequently Mussolini and Hitler, not to mention their small-fry imitators, have arrived upon the scene. One may damn these dictators and all they stand for with the utmost fervor and yet manage to extract some amusement from the efforts of socialist pundits to readjust the theories and tactics of their party to accord with the new menace which confronts them. Undoubtedly Mr. Laski has this partisan end in mind although it does not bulk largely in his pages. Labor may come to power in Great Britain within a year or at least within five or six years. When this happens he desires that it shall abandon the weak and shifting compromises of gradualism for a forthright policy of socialization. Not that this immediate purpose of the book is justly subject to criticism. It is notorious that many of what are now considered the great classics of political theory were hot partisan pamphlets when they were published.

In accordance with the tenets of his school Mr. Laski holds that "the economic factor is the predominant element" in the determination of all historical changes. However, he admits fully "the influence of personality, tradition, logic, as factors in the making of change." It is difficult to avoid the conclusion that, as thus conceived, economic determinism is a rather slippery theory. One would wish to know, for example, whether the economic factor accounts for ninety-nine per cent or for only fifty-one per cent in the determination of all historial change, leaving respectively one per cent or forty-nine per cent of causation to be divided among personality, tradition, logic, and other factors.

There is more than a hint of the doctrinaire, also, in Mr. Laski's tendency to look forward to a violent solution of the capitalist-democratic complex. In this respect his thought differs sharply from the broader and more tolerant theories presented in Mr. Charles E. Merriam's "Political Power" and in Mr. Arthur N. Holcombe's "New Party Politics." Within the space of a single paragraph, for example, one finds Mr. Laski proceeding from strong probability to virtual certainty, thus: "changes in the class structure of society have rarely been made without revolutionary means"—"the owners of property rarely yield save when they must"—and then in conclusion, "the inference that capitalist democracy is no more capable of peaceful transformation than other forms of the state is wholly reasonable." Of course the future itself is the only valid judge of all prophecies now being made to the effect that democracy is coming to a violent end, and that shortly. In the course of the next decade Mr. Laski's present dismal forebodings may prove to be largely right, or, again, they may prove to be largely wrong. Too many factors and eventualities as yet undisclosed are involved to make prediction safe. In any event, however, Mr. Laski's warnings are of undoubted value to those who are determined not only to preserve democracy but to further by peaceful processes its shift from a capitalistic to a socialized basis.

Whatever conclusion one may reach with regard to the validity of Mr. Laski's major thesis, there can be no question as to the vigor and resourcefulness with which it is maintained. His comparative analysis of the German and Russian revolutions, the clear statement which, in spite of his own apprehensions, he makes of the democratic forces in Great Britain and the United States, and—to mention a detail—his characterization of the corporate state as "a piece of unedifying mythology" are scintillating achievements. In general American readers will find his observations on the New Deal, while rather acidulous, worthy of careful consideration. However, our academic freedom is scarcely so "constantly invaded" as he implies. Neither has the threat to free discussion in the United States assumed "panic proportions," in spite of all that the newspaper publishers had to say on that subject a few months ago.

The "grave *malaise* of democratic institutions" which Mr. Laski observes in Great Britain, the United States, France, Belgium, and Scandinavia, is an undeniable fact. On the other hand what of the even graver *malaise* which affects fascist institutions in Germany and Italy, to say nothing of communist institutions in Soviet Russia? So far as the menace of fascism to the former countries is concerned an upheaval in Germany or Italy may soon make it a false alarm. Hitler's "blood purge" of June 30th last quite perceptibly reduced any inclination in favor of fascism that may have existed among the democratic populations of the world. Further the Soviet holocaust following the assassination of Kirovvhas materially increased democratic disinclination for communist dictatorship. With all due deference to Mr. Laski's forebodings is it not rather premature to despair of popular government when in population, armed force, and economic resources they so far outclass dictatorships?



STAGE MANAGER (JUNE 30, 1934): *"Will the audience kindly keep their seats? There has been a slight accident at the back of the stage. . . ."*
Reproduced in "Deliver Us from Dictators" from the London Daily Express.

. . . Hitler, and John Doe

DELIVER US FROM DICTATORS! By Robert C. Brooks. Philadelphia: University of Pennsylvania Press. 1935. $2.50.

Reviewed by G. A. BORGESE

THE book is vividly written, or spoken, in the style of an eloquent address, delivered with full voice and insistent gesture to the American nation, whom the author, professor at Swarthmore College, fervently entreats to keep far from the dreary dream of dictatorship. To serve his propaganda purpose, he informs the reader about what the dictatorial system has done, or rather undone, in Europe, especially in Italy, Germany, and Russia. His conclusions and the spirit of his book are forecast in the dedication:

> To the omniscient, omnipotent, and omnicompetent John Doe, first dictator of the United States, this book is dedicated with the fervent hope that at John's accession the author may have passed to a future state of rewards or punishments, since it is his sincere conviction that even in the latter case he will be better off.

The author's approach, as we are candidly told in the introduction, is that of one trained in political science. He admits frankly his lack of adequate preparation in economics. This is, however, no very regrettable lacuna, since an economic background can, or ought to, explain the economic phenomena of communism and even of the so-called corporate state, but it has hardly anything to say about the phenomena of dictatorship, whose foundations are of a purely political and intellectual, or emotional, nature. Therefore the preparation of Professor Brooks would be quite adequate, if to his training in political science he had added a knowledge of the intellectual origins of fascism (an essay under this caption was published by *Social Research,* November, 1934) and of the biological and philosophical implications that lie in the contemporary revolutions of Europe. The reading of some brilliant pages, in Arnold Toynbee's "Study of History," about insect societies, Platonic and Aristotelian speculation on politics, and modern totalitarian states, would have enlarged the horizon of his research. Brooks's attempt, for instance, at outlining the differences between dictators old style and dictators new style remains unconvincing or at least insufficient, owing to the lack of reference to ancient history and philosophy.

Such as it is, and in its almost wholly self-imposed limitations, this book, or oration for human freedom and reason, is truthful, manly, and sound—a good warning to those Americans, who, perhaps unknowingly, are longing in their turn for slavery and decay. The information about the European dictators and their achievements is accurate, with a few exceptions, one of which is rather important. According to R. C. Brooks, one of the dictators, Mussolini, is "growing cautious." If this statement refers to Mussolini's words and teaching, nothing is farther from the actual truth; the article on Fascism published by Mussolini in the "Enciclopedia Italiana" and now translated into English, together with his more recent propositions and slogans, offers abundant evidence that he has not at all dropped or even soft-pedaled his appeal to violence and military glory. If, on the other hand, the statement refers to facts, then certainly Mussolini has been, not

STALIN INTRODUCES RUSSIA TO THE MACHINE AGE

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grown, cautious all these twelve years. Should he change now, and really make war upon Ethiopia or someone else, the change would be in a direction opposite to that which Mr. Brooks indicates.

The assumption that dictators, both communist and fascist, Turkish or Russian or Western, must be judged according to the same standards of ethics and intelligence, that in every case they are unbearable to highly civilized minds, is intrinsically correct. There is, however, a difference between the ones and the others of which the author is not totally unaware. Neither Mustapha Kemal nor Stalin has, at least in words, disavowed the ideals of freedom, of justice, of peaceful collaboration, although they postpone them to an indefinite future. Their methods, compared with those of Fascism and Nazism, may be equal or worse; but they do not compel their subjects to apostatize from the beliefs and hopes which white civilization has unanimously worshipped for three thousand years, and the conformity of many timid and many exalted souls can claim more extenuating circumstances in red than in black countries.

The prophecy of R. C. Brooks is very optimistic. He is quite sure that Hitler will collapse before summer, and that a liberal revolution will follow on the footsteps of the others as soon as they retire from this valley of tears. That lies on Jupiter's knees. Prophecy, ever a hard job, is harder nowadays, when leaders are led by temperament far more than by character, and masses are driven by emotions far more than by accountable interests.

"All things considered, violence is not the greatest of the evils entailed by dictatorship. No, the greatest offense of dictatorship is its vulgarity." This is the final sentence. Some illustrations, fittingly chosen, increase the authority of the book.

G. A. Borgese is a distinguished Italian scholar and historian, now holding a professorship at Smith College.

T. S. Eliot writes, in *Time and Tide* (London): "If one is going to theorize about liberty, then one must go on from political and economic liberty to moral liberty. . . . What, in short, is the ultimate nature and reason for liberty? To me, the notion of *liberty* is meaningless without the further notion of *liberation.* One lives, not to be free, but to be freed. And to be *freed from* is meaningless unless one has some notion of what one is to be *freed for.*"

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The BOWLING GREEN

Trade Survey

"NIGHT CAP and sandwiches in the Elizabethan Smoking Room" said the steamship company's folder. Colatine and Old Quercus were enjoying the night cap, but Q. was shamed (after so excellent a dinner a few hours before) to call for his usual bedtime victual. It would not have been tactful: for Colatine, the Sales Manager, this was the Bicarb Hour. Indeed they are the oddest of travelling companions: one has to eat himself to rest with platters of eggs and sausage; the other reaches his necessary nescience by starvation and soda.

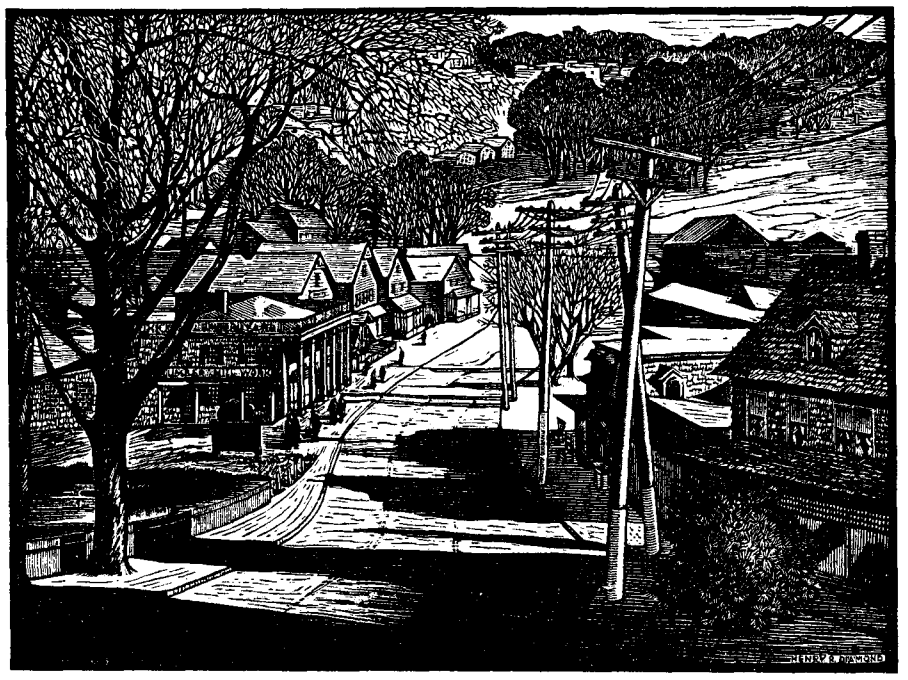
As he evaporated, towards 3 A. M., it occurred to subconscious Q. that the ship was exceptionally quiet. Dimly, faintly, like thoughts of Eternity or next year's Income Tax, he heard a great far away Gabriel sending his soul through the invisible. But he paid no heed. His is a confiding heart. Before turning in he had thoroughly conned the geography of the ship; the route to the nearest lifeboat; the two lifebelts under Colatine's bed; then dismissed all doubt. This time, he had thought, we'll go to Boston by boat; get a night's sleep beyond the possibility of railroads; be at the old Parker House by breakfast time. Fog was something that had not occurred to him. So it was a shock when Colatine seized his foot and shook him awake at 8 A. M. "Well, Penurious," said the publisher, "we're anchored outside the Canal and it looks like we'll be here all day."

Except that Quercus missed a handsome professional engagement that afternoon, the first in a long career of chrysostom that he has ever failed, it would be hard to imagine a pleasanter day. After a hasty eruption of radio messages the passengers all settled down to enjoy their unexpected vacation. There was horse-racing in the main companion, dancing in the stern lounge, excellent Complimentary Luncheon served by the company, and capacity business at the bar. "7½ times round the promenade deck makes a mile," says the folder, and Colatine and Quercus made several such, always amused by a sort of New England precision in the sign over a doorway, CREW'S ACCESS. The *Acadia* is a natty ship, built at Newport News and designed by Theodore E. Ferris. She is not an excursion steamer but a genuine liner (403 feet long, 61 feet beam) with bulkhead construction in excess of the International Convention requirements. Whatever momentary inconvenience it caused we heartily approved the master's caution in not attempting to proceed in fog. And we swiped a little blue glass stirring rod from the smokeroom as an affectionate souvenir.

Except for 7½s round the deck, and visits to the Elizabethan Room and the Radio office, the two Trade Surveyors spent the day reading. So they had no occasion to test the advice of a humorous young daughter who had remarked "There'll be beautiful women and dancing on that boat, won't there?" To which Old Q. observed cautiously "Even if there are, Mr. Colatine and I won't know them." "Don't you worry a bit," she suggested. "Go right up to them and say Hi, Toots!" Admittedly there were anxieties in late afternoon as we crept delicately toward Boston Harbor. For Q. had a date to speak at the State House at 7.30, in the very hub and axle of New England, the absolute center of the codfish ball. This indeed Penurious did not wish to miss; nor to have to send any more radios at 21 cents a word. We docked at 7.10, and made it.

⁂ ⁂

Time abbreviated thus, Quercus lost several pleasures he had counted on. Particularly he wanted to visit Lauriat's new quarters. That famous bookstore has moved down to Franklin Street, where it will have opportunity to encourage trade of a more leisurely and connoisseuring sort than on crowded Washington. Colatine, himself an alumnus of Lauriat's, went there and returned with enthusiastic report; also with his vowels gently flattened by the unconscious return of his old Boston accent which is rarely audible in New York. Visits to the Paakeh House always do that to him. Meanwhile I had the delight of a call on Edwin Edgett, veteran literary editor of the *Transcript* and one of my earliest friends and tutors in the profession of journalism. It was good to find him young and alert as ever in the narrow crannied office where for so many years he has compiled shrewd and generous judgment on books. It was equally a pleasure to note the ancient wire-rope elevator in the *Transcript* building still at working service. It is the only one I know of still in existence; Mr. Edgett calculates that if all the ups that have been handed along that wire cable were added together the old cage would be at least half way to the Moon. He has promised to send me, for reproduction on this page, a photo of his crowded corner through which, in more than thirty years, something like 150,000 books have passed for review.



LONG ISLAND VILLAGE. *Woodcut by Henry R. Diamond.*

Another renewal of an old friendship was a salute to Joe Jennings, the anchor and capstan of the Old Corner Bookstore, where he has been for 52 years—since he was a boy of 16. Is it Boston's famous diligence in literature that keeps her bookmen young? Neither Joe Jennings nor Edwin Edgett seems to have shed a hair since Quercus first knew them 22 years ago. And in the adjoining room the steadfast tradition of the trade was being carried on, where Colatine (in the role of Saint George) was locked in struggle with Joe Jennings's buyer, whose name happens to be Arthur Dragon. If Colatine were again to refer to the psalter, for a rueful description of Mr. Dragon, he would probably borrow the rubric *Adhaesit pavimento*, he keeps his feet on the ground.

Quercus's own quotation for the present time would come a little later in the same psalm (119th)—*Appropinquet deprecatio*—which might be translated by the book trade as *Inflation Ahead.*

⁂ ⁂

The Survey also had a chance to visit booksellers known previously only by pleasant hearsay: the Personal Book Shop at 95 St. James Avenue, opposite the enormous John Hancock Life Insurance Building. It is as small, intimate and alluring as its neighbor is vast and formal, and I think that John Hancock himself, whose name has become synonym for personal penmanship, would be more likely to loiter in the bookshop than in the citadel of premonition. And in Wellesley there was the famous Hathaway House which has done so much to collaborate in that college's love and support of the Muses. Miss Geraldine Gordon, manager of the shop, has given the front room, her most valuable selling space, entirely to the poets. This shop alone has kept many a versifier's work in print. The poets' readings held every year at Wellesley, on a fund perpetuated in memory of Katharine Lee Bates, have been a constant flow of influence upon the young devotees. One who had almost forgotten having been a poet, and supposed that everyone else had forgotten it too, was gratefully moved and thrilled to be summoned to that platform. In Wellesley at least Don Marquis's saying is not so: that publishing a volume of verse is like dropping a rose-leaf down the Grand Canyon and waiting for the echo.

All my life I'd been hearing about the Boston and Albany route, but never had occasion to travel it before. It begins by passing under the Massachusetts Avenue bridge where I am pleased by the tablet in memory of Edward Everett Ginsberg, whose combination of names is a sociological palimpsest. Miss Louella D. Everett, who is Public Friend Number 1 for all quotation hunters, has her workroom near there and happened to be looking down the street some years ago while the actual dedication of the tablet was taking place, with flags, music, and oratory. It so happens that under the Massachusetts Avenue bridge is a favorite loitering place for locomotives, which pause just there and exhale fumes. From her vantage in a high window Miss Everett could see a lounging B. & A. monster gently nearing the arch, all ready to vent surplus of combustion. Her heart ached for the celebrants, but there was nothing she could do. She still remembers their dismay, and blackened faces, as gas and smoke strangled them in the midst of the pious exercises.

I wish there were space to recount the B. & A. run in detail, for it goes through charming hilly country; still, in mid-March, white with snow. It gives a pretty glimpse of Cambridge, that little Athens by the shining Charles, where the red, blue and green cupolas of the new college houses have sprung up— but where sober Georgian brick has been used in such vast quantities that one turns to the campanile of the Roman Catholic Church almost with relief. It takes you through West Newton, which Santayana enigmatically remarked "extends all the way west to the Pacific," and then close beneath the Hathaway House Book Shop at Wellesley. What was most important to me, it got me to Albany in time for a modest ceremony in which the Bowling Green was naturally and sentimentally interested. It was the rechristening of a friendly little bookshop at 225 Lark Street, which two young women have taken over and named the *John Mistletoe.* I can't resist mentioning, hoping to catch Mr. Ripley's eye, that their names are Miss Foote and Miss Hand. May they never have occasion to quote the old catch written by John Still, Bishop of Bath and Wells.

CHRISTOPHER MORLEY.

An English Skippy

THE DEMON IN THE HOUSE. By Angela Thirkell. New York: Harrison Smith & Robert Haas. 1935. $2.

Reviewed by WILLIAM ROSE BENÉT

I HEAR that Mrs. Thirkell's former novel, "Wild Strawberries," was most amusing. I mean to procure it because, certainly, the present book is one of the most diverting I have read in a long time. The portrait of Tony Morland, the small English boy, is wholly convincing and hilarious. He is as English as Percy Crosby's "Skippy" is American, but their dreams, projects, and the importance of their affairs have a common denominator.

Tony's bosom friend and foil, "good old Donk," Master Wesendonck, is also priceless. Once only he speaks, the rest of the time he plays the mouth organ. Stoker, the middle-aged maid; Laura Morland, the mother, with her perpetual visions of Tony dying or maimed; George Knox, the celebrated biographer, with his extraordinary tangle of speech; Adrian Coates, his son-in-law, to whom Tony demonstrates his complete oarsmanship; the vicar's small daughters, Rose and Dora; the young Miss Coates, aged eight weeks and three days; and a number of other characters, notably Doctor Ford and Sylvia Gould, all play their well-characterized parts in the saga of Tony's holidays, Easter, the Half-Term, Summer, and Christmas.

Once, in England, I encountered a man-of-the-world who stood slightly higher than my knee, a personage of astounding self-possession. I should not be at all surprised if he eventually became Prime Minister. He expatiated to me upon the more scientific novels of H. G. Wells, such as "The War of the Worlds," and contributed his own theories and philosophy. Upon the ensuing picnic he gave such a dignified exhibition of the proper way to punt as to make me feel quite ineffectu Tony is something like that. To the a miring little daughters of the vicar he is personage, save for the perpetual argument between him and Dora as to the respective merits of the imaginary countries, Dorland and Morland. He is also a constant menace to his mother's peace of mind, particularly in regard to the bicycle acquired by him during the Easter holidays. Her love for her youngest, shot through with horrible fears and ensuing wrath, should be deeply appreciated by all mothers.

The best thing in the book is Tony's flow of conversation, usually beginning with the forestalling gambit "I know." Mrs. Thirkell has perfectly transferred to paper an utterly convincing idiom. I shall not spoil the reader's pleasure here by recounting the many small episodes, including the vaccination of young Miss Coates, which furnish the background for Tony's behavior and dicta. Through much of the book one finds oneself merely quietly smiling, but certain crucial moments beget unforced and excruciated laughter. At least, they did with me. The busy mind of a small boy is sometimes almost incredible in its evolutions. Tony's is often so. And with all his utter self-confidence, his boasting, his mannish superiority to the young ladies of the story, and even to his mother, he is a sympathetic character. He is seldom to blame for anything in his own mind—but most of us were like that. His intention is always to be helpful to a blundering world of adults. He exasperates and even infuriates the male element of this world with his ready advice. "Good God, Anne, [exclaims George Knox] that boy is like Prince Giglio. He could address an army for three days and three nights without the faintest difficulty, on any subject!"

I add Tony to my list of really great child characters, a list which includes a number of younger people out of Booth Tarkington, some from Kenneth Grahame and "E. Nesbit," "Skippy," "Helen's Babies" (Budge and Toddy), "Diddie, Dumps and Tot," and so on. I shall reread "The Demon in the House" as often as I can. For Tony's mastery of life must appeal to every male. He is the undaunted spout-climbing sparrow!

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Why Lee Lost Gettysburg

(*Continued from first page*)

powerless when the body is riddled with shot.

For all the excellence of Dr. Freeman's historical analysis and grasp of military technique, he seems to miss this fundamental reality. Placed beside it, the contributory factors which he traces with such skill appear to have less significance than he attaches to them, although they are not insignificant.

The first of those factors is the redistribution of commands, in May 1863, necessitated by Stonewall Jackson's death at Chancellorsville. The two over-large army corps of the Army of Northern Virginia were reorganized as three; while Longstreet remained at the head of the First, the Second was given to Ewell, and a third created for A. P. Hill. Ewell had been Jackson's lieutenant in the valley campaign until wounded at Groveton, and had now returned to duty after losing a leg. Sentiment and seniority dictated his selection, as Dr. Freeman remarks; his inherent lack of initiative had been hardened because "experience with Jackson had schooled him to obey the letter of orders and not to exercise discretion." Dr. Freeman argues that "Lee had never had an opportunity of discovering this lack of self-confidence in Ewell," but such an argument does not do much credit to Lee's capacity for gauging men, or recognize his responsibility for informing himself by indirect inquiry.

Lee's system of command, with its large latitude deliberately given to the chief subordinates, made it of the highest importance that they should be men of exceptional initiative, if they were to fulfil their part in the type of operations he exploited. Yet, by a curious paradox, Lee was inclined to be conventional in the process of selection for command. There are numerous examples of this tendency, notwithstanding his sympathetic tolerance of independent minded assistants.

Lee's own misgivings over the reshuffle of commands were expressed in a letter he wrote at the time, a letter which expressed the hope that the new commanders would improve with time, and concluded with the reflection—"Rome was not built in a day, nor can we expect miracles in our favor." Yet without allowing any time for them to settle down, he built on these foundations the boldest of all his plans—the invasion of Pennsylvania. And put it into execution barely a fortnight later.

Supplies were lacking, and so were horses, while those that he had were "mournful beasts"—the transport of the Confederate Army looked to one Federal officer like a "congregation of all the crippled Chicago emigrant trains that ever escaped off the desert." The Confederates pinned their hopes to the chance of remedying these deficiencies on arrival in hostile territory. And, as has happened so often in military history, the commander's vision of success outraced his perception of the difficulties as the test came near. Lee's biographer tells us that as he reviewed his forces before starting "his confidence in them was greater than ever," and quotes a divisional commander, General Heth—"The fact is, General Lee believed that the Army of Northern Virginia, as it then existed, could accomplish anything." It seems clear that Lee was, for the moment, exalted by this offensive spirit above the plane of realities. He was as patient as ever when Longstreet dwelt upon them, but it was the patience of a man who is not listening.

By his thrust into Pennsylvania, past the flank of the Army of the Potomac, he counted on drawing this army after him, in a hurried attempt to interpose between him and the target offered by Baltimore and Philadelphia. General Trimble later quoted him as saying:

> They will come up, probably through Frederick, strung out on a long line and much demoralized, when they come into Pennsylvania. I shall throw an overwhelming force on their advance, crush it, follow up the success, drive one corps back on another, and by successive repulses and surprises, before they can concentrate, create a panic and virtually destroy the army.

Then, pointing on the map to Gettysburg, he said—

> Hereabout, we shall probably meet the enemy and fight a great battle, and if God gives me the victory, the war will be over . . .

The actual words may not be exact—although they are the less suspect since the main prophecy was unfulfilled—but they ring true to Lee's purpose and mood.

His design was shrewdly conceived, if its essential elasticity was impaired by strength of his preconception of the enemy's submissive part. The first crack appeared when he learnt on June 28th, from one of Longstreet's scouts, that the Union Army, now under Meade, was already north of the Potomac—close on his heels and close to his communications. The effect was the greater because Lee had received no news from Stuart, who had been temporarily left with the larger part of the cavalry south of the Potomac, to watch and worry the Union Army. Stuart, inflated by the offensive spirit, had stretched the liberal discretion given him so far that he tried to burst through the hostile army when unable to ride round it, and aimed at fighting troops instead of wagon trains. But if Stuart deprived Lee of the services of the larger part of his cavalry by becoming thus embroiled, Lee failed to make the best of the remainder.

The unexpectedly early appearance of the Union Army came like a pull on the Confederate cord and brought Lee round to meet a threat that he could not accurately locate. One may think that this state of blindness demanded more caution than Lee showed when he encountered the enemy's head at Gettysburg on July 1st: especially in view of his comment on hearing of their change of command—"General Meade will commit no blunder in my front, and if I make one he will make haste to take advantage of it."

At first, it is true, he kept the brake on, discouraging a subordinate's ardor with the remark, "No, I am not prepared to bring on a general engagement today—Longstreet is not up." But he suddenly reversed his attitude when the arrival of further divisions of Ewell's and Hill's corps on either flank of the enemy's advanced force led him to seize the local opportunity. The enveloping line swept forward and the Northerners were hurled back through Gettysburg to the ridge behind, leaving "nearly 5,000 bewildered prisoners" in the assailants' bag.

This opening success was intoxicating. Lee's eyes fastened onto the hill just south of the town and at the northern end of the ridges—they suggested to him that if he could seize the hill he would dominate the enemy's new position. As Hill reported that his men were exhausted and disorganized, Lee sent Ewell discretionary orders to press the advantage "if practicable." But Ewell's troops were also in some confusion, and he availed himself of the discretion to wait until his third, and fresh, division arrived; when it did, Ewell still hesitated. So evening came and the opportunity passed.

Up to this time, Lee appears to have been justified in his aim, if not in his orders. As Lawrence has truly remarked—"if there is one military maxim of universal value, it is to press hard upon a rout." But once the pressure was relaxed, and the enemy was in a strong position with a night's grace for recovery and reinforcement, the whole situation was changed.

Soon after Lee had attempted to initiate the evening "push" by Ewell, Longstreet rode up—his leading division was still some six miles distant. After a careful survey of the enemy's position on the ominously named Cemetery Ridge, he suggested, as he had done before the invasion began, that Lee should combine offensive strategy with defensive tactics—"throw our army round by their left, and we shall interpose between the Federal Army and Washington. We can get a strong position and wait, and . . . the Federals will be sure to attack us."

In condemning this suggestion, Dr. Freeman quotes General Maurice's recent opinion that such a move "would have been wildly rash." But we may reasonably attach more importance to General Meade's view, at the time, that Longstreet's proposal was not only "sound military sense" but the step he feared Lee would take. The absence of the larger part of Lee's cavalry certainly handicapped such a move, but Stuart was hourly expected, and did in fact arrive next day.

Lee, however, replied to Longstreet: "If the enemy is there, we must attack him." Longstreet countered—"If he is there, it will be because he is anxious that we should attack him—a good reason, in my judgment, for not doing so." The experience of two thousand years of warfare suggests that this was even more sound military sense.

Lee, however, "displayed not the slightest intention of changing his plan." Yet, significantly, Colonel Long of his own staff returned, during the discussion, from reconnoitering the front of Cemetery Hill, and reported that it was occupied in considerable force by a well-posted foe. "An attack," he said, "would be hazardous and doubtful of success." Lee then rode over to see Ewell, and asked if he could renew his attack next day; but even General Early, who had lived up to his name while the opportunity remained, now declared that by the morrow an attack on the heights would be mostly costly and dubious. Lee then thought of bringing Ewell's corps further to the right—as a precaution lest "the enemy may come down and break through"—but gave up the idea on hearing that there was a chance of Ewell seizing Culp's Hill on the extreme left.

The main attack, on the right, was to be made by Longstreet. Lee was anxious to launch it as early as possible but seems to have refrained, according to his habit, from giving explicit orders. Dr. Freeman casts repeated reproaches on Longstreet for not hastening, yet elsewhere, somewhat inconsistently, speaks of the "weary columns" of his leading divisions.

Early next morning, fresh enemy reinforcements were seen moving into position on Cemetery Ridge, and when Longstreet saw this he again urged Lee to consider a turning movement in preference to an almost direct attack. But Lee was not to be dissuaded, although he decided to shift his line of advance further to the right. Longstreet's two leading divisions were

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now approaching, but he was anxious to wait for the third—"I never like to go into battle with one boot off." Some time before nine a. m. Lee went off to see Ewell, whose troops had been unable to develop an attack on Culp's Hill—and a reconnaissance by one of Lee's staff could discover no opening. Returning to the other flank about eleven a. m., Lee seemed upset that Longstreet's attack was not yet ready, and gave him definite orders to act with what troops he had at hand. Lee's confidence was still high, for when told by an officer that the enemy were again extending their left, toward Round Top, he remarked—"Ah, well, that was to be expected. But General Meade might as well have saved himself the trouble, for we'll have it in our possession before night."

But the enemy's extension meant a fresh sidestep by Longstreet's troops, and produced a further delay. Dr. Freeman argues that the difficulties were aggravated through Longstreet, in pique, being "determined to carry out orders literally." It was four p. m. before Hood's division on the extreme right attacked up the stony slopes, an attack that was taken up in turn by McLaws's division and then by Hill's corps. The attempt ended in costly failure, despite heroic efforts and partial successes that flattered only to deceive Lee.

For he determined to renew the attack next morning, although he would have only one more division, Pickett's, to supplement the eight which had already been engaged. Longstreet greeted him at daybreak with the hint: "General, I have had my scouts out all night, and I find that you still have an excellent opportunity to move around to the right of Meade's army, and manœuvre him into attacking us." When he found Lee unshakable, he protested strongly that he did not believe men could be found who would be capable of storming the ridge. But his warning had no effect. Its effect on Lee's biographer, however, is to make him exclaim that "For the supreme effort of all his warring, Lee had to act through a sullen, despairing lieutenant." This seems an exaggerated and unjust interpretation of Longstreet's attitude—he owed a duty to his men and his country as well as to his commander. His loyal attitude to Lee is shown in the testimony of Colonel Freemantle, the British military observer, on the eve of the battle: "It is impossible to please Longstreet more than by praising Lee." And in the battle he surely acted as a "sane lieutenant" should towards a revered superior who has momentarily lost his balance.

For that day, July 3rd, three divisions were launched soon after mid-day on a narrow front against a narrower objective near the centre of the enemy's position. The attack came where Meade had expected it—and that fact alone is no compliment to Lee's generalship. It was no longer possible for Lee to hope that the enemy were not concentrated and prepared to meet him, and they had been allowed ample time to strengthen artificially an immensely strong natural position held by forces much larger than his own. If they were concentrated they could be counted as having about 100,000 men on the spot. Yet Lee was building his dream of decisive victory on a frontal assault by 15,000 out of his 60,000 men, a converging assault on a narrow sector where the enemy's superiority of fire would have a concentrated effect. In a brief time the assault was shattered—and with it Lee's dream. We hear of regiments that had shrivelled in the furnace to a mere forty men, companies to a mere eight. It had been a suicidal effort, and a homicidal one.

The more one reflects on Gettysburg in the light of fire-power, the more is one driven reluctantly to the conclusion that no great commander has been guilty of a madder action. And that is saying a lot—for the deeper one explores the realm of military history the more one is brought to realize that power of command is compatible with complete lapse of common sense; that great skill in handling troops, in dealing with the visible factor of command, is often accompanied by inability to visualize the invisible and basic factors of warfare—resulting in failure to distinguish between what is desirable and what is practicable.

As a strategic artist, Lee has had few equals; he was a master of logistics. In this respect he was on a higher plane than Longstreet, concerning whom one may quote Lee's comment that "General Longstreet, when once in a fight, was a most brilliant soldier; but he was the hardest man to move I had in my army." Nowadays one might say that Longstreet was the Pétain of the Civil War: Pétain would certainly have endorsed Longstreet's governing thought—"I would not give a single man of my command for a fruitless victory." Both kept their feet firmly on the ground; and their eyes on the profit and loss account.

Preëminently a fighting soldier—admittedly the best, after Jackson's death, in Lee's army—Longstreet had the experienced fighter's sense of reality. Like Pétain, he appreciated the effect of fire and knew "what couldn't be done"—which is the beginning of military wisdom. And on this solid foundation of practical sense he rose at times to a level of vision which Lee never reached. His idea of combining offensive strategy with defensive tactics foreshadowed the method which Sherman fulfilled a year later—to the cost of the Confederacy. It fitted not only the new conditions of warfare but the special conditions of the South—whose best chance lay in making the North sick of the war by making it pay too dearly for profitless gains. The most likely way to create this impression was to lure the Union armies into attacking under disadvantageous conditions—as Longstreet shrewdly saw.

By contrast, the longer one ponders the data collected in Dr. Freeman's volumes, the further one is led towards the conclusion that Lee's virtuosity, combined with his too literal loyalty, hastened the ruin of the cause he served so devotedly. Superb on the plane of logistical strategy, he failed to come down to the plane of minor tactics or to rise to that of grand strategy. Steeped in the military doctrine that victory can only be won by offensive action, he could not adapt his strategy to the limiting conditions of the Confederacy's situation. His offensive strokes were brilliant as artistry, but too expensive to be profitable as contributions to the object for which the South was contending.

Military connoisseurs justly acclaim Chancellorsville as his masterpiece, even as a flawless masterpiece, but are apt to overlook the sobering fact that the Southern losses were proportionately far larger than those of the defeated Northerners. Even in 1864, when growing weakness compelled him to stand on the defensive, his dominating thought was to take the offensive at the first opportunity. Events frustrated him, but did not dissuade him. In his offensive ardor he does not seem to have given the weight that one might expect to the significant evidence of Spottsylvania where his men "who stood behind their earthworks and mowed the enemy down, suffered far less than did the Federals." In the weeks that followed he continued to parry Grant's blows in a way that was palpably shaking the morale of both the enemy troops and the enemy people, yet he scarcely seems to have appreciated himself the effectiveness of his new mode of action, unwillingly adopted. Clinging to his dream of the offensive, he talked repeatedly of a blow that should "crush" Grant's army and "was more than ever determined, if he found an opening, to take the offensive in what he told Anderson was 'the grand object, the destruction of the enemy.'"

Greater knowledge of military history might have informed him that such an ideal has been rarely attained even with superior strength, yet he continued to dream of destroying at a blow an opponent of twice his strength! If the object remained out of reach, it was not calculated to foster the most economic treatment of a difficult problem. Even when laid up in bed on the North Anna, his "insistent cry from his tent" was: "We must strike them a blow." Yet his biographer admits that the conditions did not justify the desire. As it was, his enforced abstinence from an offensive blow yielded 64,000 enemy casualties at a cost of barely 30,000 during the six weeks' campaign from "Rapidan to Petersburg."

Nevertheless, one gains the impression that the balance in his favor might have been greater, and his own troops less exhausted, if he had been less prone to make counter-attacks that did not repay their cost. Dr. Freeman tells us approvingly that on June 18 Lee rejected Beauregard's suggestion of one against the enemy's flank near Petersburg—"It was no day to waste troops in futile counter-attacks. It was, instead, a time to watch every move, to consider every step, and to conserve every life." While applauding the sentiment, one may feel that the last day of the campaign was a rather late time to reach such a reasonable conclusion.

The wastage of the campaign was much larger than the Confederate resources could repair. Lee's strength had now dwindled to a point where he found it difficult to reply to the enemy's manœuvres. "For the dark emergency these con-

(*Continued on next page*)

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ditions so tragically disclosed, Lee saw but one major policy the government could employ. That was the vigorous enforcement of the conscription act." Such has ever been the cry of the military spendthrift, and even in the narrowest military sense its wisdom was dubious. For, some pages later, Dr. Freeman remarks that "while conscripts were not arriving in sufficient quotas to strengthen the army materially . . . enough of them were being sent in to impair the morale."

Dr. Freeman also tells us of Lee's care "to prevent the wastage of the troops he had" by strict administration; of his "great vigilance in declining to issue furloughs," even in the case of war-worn troops; of his refusal to release men "because their families had need of them, or because there were many brothers of the same family in the army." The maintenance of the country's food supply had to take second place to the maintenance of the blood supply for the ranks of the army. The question remains whether his strategy was in accord with this care to prevent wastage in comparatively trifling ways.

The answer, a negative answer, is suggested by an incidental statement in Dr. Freeman's glowing summary in the chapter entitled "The Sword of Robert E. Lee." That statement runs:

> During the twenty-four months when he had been free to employ open manœuvre . . . he had sustained approximately 103,000 casualties and had inflicted 143,000. *Holding, as he usually had, to the offensive, his combat losses had been greater in proportion to his numbers than those of the Federals,* but he had demonstrated how strategy may increase an opponent's casualties, for his losses included only 10,000 prisoners, whereas he had taken 38,000.

The italics are mine. While the ratio of prisoners was certainly a tribute to his military artistry, the ratio of casualties in general spelt bankruptcy to his country. Its chief soldier, if a true grand strategist, should surely have kept sight of such calculations in framing his military strategy. The unqualified praise which has been given to Lee by so many eminent soldiers is the strongest support for the ironical saying that modern war is "too serious a business to be left to soldiers."

We are left with the reflection that "The Sword of Robert E. Lee" is an all too appropriate title. For all his brilliance of manœuvre, Lee seems to have had no clear grasp of the basic tactical conditions upon which strategy depended. Had it been possible to epitomize his generalship with such a title as "The Bullet of Robert E. Lee," the story of the Civil War might have a different ending. As it is, the South is left with a heroic dream—topped by the figure of a great artist of war who was also a good man, a man for whom other men died willingly even when they died needlessly. That dream is worthily perpetuated in this monumental biography.

Psychiatry in Verse

SIX SIDES TO A MAN. By Merrill Moore. New York: Harcourt, Brace & Co. 1935. $2.

Reviewed by DUDLEY FITTS

WHEN "The Noise that Time Makes" appeared five years ago, Dr. Moore and his very personal version of the sonnet-form were discoveries, and it seemed necessary to write apologetically, perhaps a little patronizingly, about them. Dr. Moore's point of view was strange, or seemed strange at that time, with the strangeness of the point of view of any man who sets down, with an immediacy permitting neither revision nor discrimination, exactly what he thinks about things. His sonnet-form was described as the disintegration of the established form, a kind of pleasant eccentricity with only an eccentricity's interest. The book delighted me; but I am ashamed to say that I too wrote about it in this way. For with the appearance of "Six Sides to a Man," there can no longer be any question (except, apparently, in the mind of Mr. Louis Untermeyer, who contributes a quaint epilogue to this book) of apologizing for Dr. Moore, of "interpreting" him, of treating him, in short, as though he were an amazing child who was for some reason taken up by the Nashville *Fugitives,* and who has since been amusing himself by wilfully breaking up the pretty plaything-sonnets in his nursery. It becomes clear that what looked like a disintegration of the sonnet-form was really not disintegration at all (in the sense that some of Cummings's fine sonnets represent disintegration), but a considered alteration and loosening of the structure. Eccentricities of rhyming and lineation are not gratuitous here: they are necessitated by the poet's precipitate, yet curiously ordered, way of thinking and expression. They are never so extreme that the reader is allowed to lose the sense of the underlying form; and it is the urgent clash between this form and the superficial variations—precisely like the clash between metre and cadence in all good verse—that makes the best of these sonnets memorably exciting, and that saves even the worst of them from commonplaceness.

"Six Sides to a Man" ("Seeing," "Hearing," "Smelling," "Tasting," "Feeling," "Knowing") is a psychoanalytical treatise in sonnet-form. The range of the book is immense, yet the poems have a curious coherence. Some of them—some of the most moving—are as artlessly objective as pages torn from a psychiatrist's casebook: which, I suppose, is precisely what they are. Others are as subjective and as contemplative as the most reactionary of sweete-slyding poetry-fanciers could wish. Still others are dream-poems, as obscure in their private symbolism as any *surréalisme* could be, and often distractingly beautiful when they are most unintelligible. My feeling is that Dr. Moore is most successful when he seems least concerned with writing poetry: in certain unforgettable case-histories, for instance,—like "Andrew MacClintock," or "Daring Cousin Killed in an Air-Crash,"—and in deceptively simple statements of fact. This manner is perilous: it frequently allows Dr. Moore to perpetrate such verses as

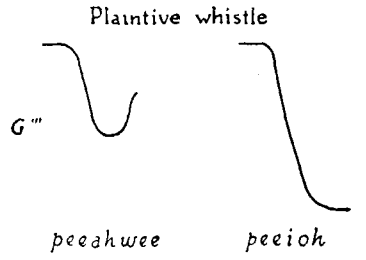
Time has castrated Grandpa; his endocrines
Are of no more use than his vas deferens—,

which I find very hard to forgive, let alone forget. But at its best, this cold, hard poetry of perception, apparently so casual, actually so many-surfaced, has the depth of meaning, the universal tenderness, the clean irony, that characterize the philosopher and the fine poet.

Identifying Birds

A GUIDE TO BIRD SONGS. By Aretas A. Saunders. New York: D. Appleton-Century Co. 1935. $2.50.

THIS excellent little manual is a successful attempt to write down bird songs by a method of notation comprehensible to the many bird lovers who have not sufficient musical training to follow the note and bar system of previous books, which indeed, since birds do not sing like man, is usually inaccurate. This simple but elaborate scheme provides for the quarter notes and the irregularity of rhythm not easily recorded by our musical scales. His method, which is partly phonetic, partly graphic, records time, pitch, and loudness in a simple fashion easily used in the field. Each note of the song is represented by a separate line, the pitch being the direction of the curve. The book begins with a careful key, in which the terms and curves are all explained. Trills, slurs, changes in quality, recurring consonant sounds are all recordable, in a double device of curves, and words or letters, which cover the surprising variety not only among bird songs, but among birds of the same species. Here is the familiar song of the wood pewee, G‴ indicating a point of reference for the pitch. "Each one-half inch of horizontal length of a record represents one second of time, and each one-eighth inch of vertical height represents a half-tone in pitch."



The Middle Class Under Capitalism

CAPITALISM CARRIES ON. By Walter B. Pitkin. New York: Whittlesey House. 1935. $1.75.

Reviewed by ERNEST G. DRAPER

FROM the sea of volumes on economic subjects that has almost submerged us in the last three years, I vote for this book. It strikes pay dirt from beginning to end. Fresh and arresting ideas flash from the mind of Professor Pitkin like sparks from an emery wheel. Sometimes they flash too fast. Even so, mental indigestion is preferable to the literary sawdust that has been served up to us by various so-called classical economists in the past.

Professor Pitkin explores a thousand bypaths as he goes along. His main theme, however, is direct and clear. It is that the salvation of capitalism rests with the middle class. Who comprise this class?

> About one American out of every ten, at the most conservative estimate. Not more than one in seven, on the most liberal estimate. Let us say between twelve and eighteen millions. . . .
>
> In this group we find, at the top, men and women of genius but not of immense wealth. Just below them come people of high ability in science, technology, management, and the arts. Then comes another, much larger sub-group of professional men and women, highly skilled workers in fields requiring considerable mathematics or other analytical ability. Add to all these their children, and you have the American Middle Class.

What has happened to this class in the last five years? "The middle-class man is being ground exceeding fine between the upper millstone of Crœsus and the nether millstone of Cyclops. . . .

> Who were the first to rush to Washington for cash relief? The bankers. Then the railroads. And in their train a score of other major interests, each with a flying squad of lobbyists and ladies. The government gave its millions, then its billions. Then it turned to the next arrivals. And who were they? The starving, the sick, the park-bench sleepers, the wild boys, and all the other hapless wretches without food . . .
>
> Virtually every dollar of the tens of billions allotted to the powerful rich and the powerful poor! Scarcely a dime given to middle-class folk! But strange to say, it is these same middle-class folk who are now being asked to pay most of the relief bills. Who else could pay them? Will they acquiesce? Should they? . . .

They should not if they follow the advice of certain short-sighted capitalist leaders. On the other hand, Professor Pitkin's argument implies a situation that was not so clear cut as he describes. In citing "the bankers" and "the railroads" as among the first beneficiaries of the Government, he omits to point out the fact that the Government by giving aid to these private agencies was in reality extending a much greater aid to hundreds of thousands of middle-class investors and savings bank depositors. Of course, the point remains, however, that in spite of this valuable assistance, thousands of banks did fail and only a portion of the savings of the middle-class depositors was salvaged.

Then follows an illuminating discussion of how best to retain the loyal support of the middle class. It all boils down to a brief statement of minimum requirements which conclude the book.

> Capitalism will carry on smoothly if it shows at least as clear a grasp of realities as the capitalists of fifty years ago exhibited.
>
> It will attain this clarity only if it retains both the loyalty and the services of the middle class.
>
> It will retain both only if it abolishes fear of ruin and old-age poverty from middle-class minds.

While this running comment suggests the essence of the main theme, it does not do justice to the wealth of provocative ideas and new slants of thought which saturate these pages. A minor flaw is the author's style. In his desire to make this style appeal to the general public, he resorts, in places, to rather amateurish wise-cracking. This frequent use of high school cheer leader diction is doubly unfortunate in that it tends to cloud a thread of argument that is both vivid and profound. However, such criticism is trivial compared to the worth of the book as a whole. We need this type of stimulation if we wish to help in steering the ship of liberal-minded capitalism between the shoals of Huey Long and Father Coughlin on the one hand and the rocks of "obsolescent capitalists" on the other.

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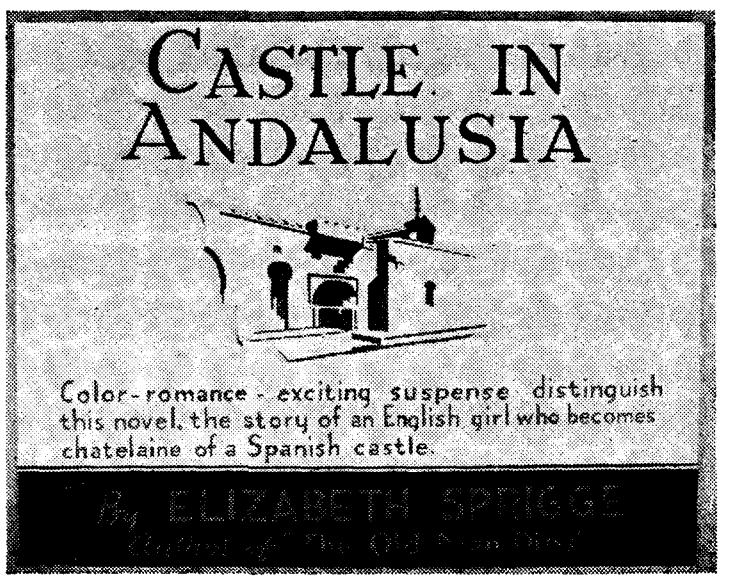
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By WILLIAM ROSE BENÉT

ROUND ABOUT PARNASSUS

THERE come days in the life of a reviewer of contemporary verse when the multiplicity of small volumes neither extraordinarily good nor to be discarded without comment balks the critical faculty. What is to be done about them all? A good many of them sound quite alike, and yet the technical proficiency of all is large enough (though not very large) to warrant mention. Today I have a few books upon which I should like particularly to write, and a good many others that I should say something about. Recent volumes like *Horace Gregory's* "Chorus for Survival" and *Leonard Bacon's* "The Voyage of Autoleon" merit—and are to have—separate reviews by other hands. But I have before me as varied a group as "Selected Poems of *Marianne Moore*," *Conrad Aiken's* "Landscape West of Eden," *MacKinlay Kantor's* "Turkey in the Straw," and a quite remarkable first book of poems brought to my attention by *Robert Nathan*. But I intend today to let the last be first, and before I take up the books mentioned I shall comment briefly upon a few others.

In the first place I owe an apology to *Norman MacLeod*. Owing to untoward circumstance his book, "Horizons of Death," was for some time mislaid in this office and I finally gave it up as lost. I asked Mr. MacLeod to bring me another copy, and he did indeed come in to see me, but had no other copy available. Then just recently the book turned up from where it had been mislaid under a pile of other books. It was an inscribed copy and I am glad to record its finding. It was published by Parnassus Press at 11 Barrow Street, this city. Mr. MacLeod has contributed to a number of magazines and has been connected with *The New Masses*. His poetry has freshness, vigor, and range, and is written out of his own experience. There is nothing concocted about it. It is "dedicated to a bitter age." What it seems to me chiefly to lack are rhythm and cerebration; two opposite necessities, you will say, yet not so opposed as they may seem. "Subway," however, I choose, because its language is strongly poetic and it also serves as an example of the frustration of this definitely modern poet. I wish I could give Mr. MacLeod more space than this, for his book is various, but I must pass on:

SUBWAY

I had moose thoughts in the darkness,
Crippled in the valleys of my mind
And hamstrung with experience.
Shot so that the blood was a wound
For my head and the night a bandage
To cover up my body.
I sat with hands crossed like a promise
While the python was a silver noise
In the tunnels beneath the city.
I had no time to discover what lay
Between the mountains and the ocean.
There were no birds to fly
With the seasons between one country
And another. If I did not move
It was because I did not know
My destination: one stop was as good
As another.

In an era of such flux as the present, one stop seems as good as another to many poets. The age is too bewildering, the future too uncertain. One can hardly blame them.

Charles Reznikoff is another free-versifier whose work I have already mentioned as distinguished. His "In Memoriam: 1933" is published by The Objectivist Press at 10 West 36th Street, this city, and is strongly racial. He seems to me the best of the definitely Jewish poets writing today, since the death of *James Oppenheim*. This poem of his, which might be subtitled "a short history of the Jews," appeared originally in *The Menorah Journal*. It has both dignity and power, sonorous language and brilliant atmosphere, and it is well condensed.

Alastair W. R. Miller's name will be familiar to readers of *The Saturday Review*. His "Stages of Pursuit" comes to me from Basil Blackwell, 49 Broad Street, Oxford, England. I had previously read some of it in manuscript; and I admit that Mr. Miller is, for me, often most difficult to follow. Stranger love poems never were! There is, taking the book as a whole, a certain cross of Donne with Blake. Yet there is a personal modernity too. The poem "Juniana" has a peculiar magic, though it becomes at times rather a farrago of nonsense. Yet there is the true motion of poetry under all this attitudinizing and esotericism, the current of the stream under the lily-pads and waterweeds. Mr. Miller is in this little book one of the most unclear of modern poets, and yet one cannot deny his subtlety of apprehension.

I cannot wait longer to take up the books I mentioned when I began. The rest of the shelf will have to wait until a later day.

Even more peculiar a poet than Mr. Miller is our own *Marianne Moore*, the selection from whose poems (Macmillan) has been made by *T. S. Eliot*. The lady being a friend of my childhood, I cannot regard her work with the complete detachment I should like to attain; although I have contended for some years that, interesting as her observations are to me, she is really more the essayist (in the best sense of the term) than the poet. I am glad to see also that in her postscript this poet pays tribute to one in her immediate family "who thinks in a particular way." This is Miss Moore's mother, an unusual person in any age. Miss Moore has a deep appreciation of her mother's gift of expression. As for the selection, it seems to me that Mr. Eliot has done his work well. He records, in an interesting introduction to the book, his conviction "that Miss Moore's poems form part of the small body of durable poetry written in our time." What I myself like best about them is their odd learning, their occasionally delicious descriptive phrase, and the queerest lurking laughter, mixed with a certain primness, that has been in almost any woman poet since Emily Dickinson. But there is no other similarity between the two. Miss Moore impresses her own die upon the page, and it is unmistakable. If you take this book as the conversation of an elliptical but pungent juggler of disquisitions, presenting to you veritable artichokes of observation, you will have a great deal of pleasure out of it. But don't expect it to be like anything else you ever read, because it isn't!

In striking contrast to the interesting learning and intellectual subtleties of Miss Moore, which I can deeply enjoy at times, are the American ballads of *MacKinlay Kantor*, author of the much-acclaimed novel, "Long Remember." "Turkey in the Straw" (Coward-McCann) is the real vernacular

Now all brave Iowayans listen to me,
I'll tell of a dreadful massacree—

and also (for vernacular is only a part of it) this primitive verse secretes the element of poetry. Nor is it all primitive verse nor of the American past. Our American present is in it too. You can't hog-tie this verse. It ranges from Simon Kenton to Captain Gray, from regular ballad measure to expressive free verse, though it is all rootedly American folksong. The "Sheik" of the Movies and the Minnesota Brigade in the late Great War are here, as well as Lincoln at Gettysburg, and the black bison, and the catamount and the war-whoop. It is a book of much historical interest and of rich sentimental associations.

To Robert Nathan I owe my introduction to "'A Brook of Leaves," by *Horatio Colony* (Boston: Richard Badger). It was sent to him and he brought it to me merely remarking that here and there he had found a rather original touch. The book has vigor and spontaneity, and the choice of subject and turn of phrase are idiosyncratic. It has also faults of clumsiness, dragged-in rhyme, and a too bland, sometimes almost ridiculous, ingenuousness in its more Dionysian moments. It is frankly pagan for the most part. But it is instinct also with the joy and richness of life. A book of definite promise and some achievement.

I cannot interpret *Conrad Aiken's* "Landscape West of Eden" (Scribner's), but can recommend it for its haunting music and its dream pictures. It is a beautiful small book, and a languorous musing on life interpreted through fabulous symbols. Man hovering between the mystery of his origin and the equal mystery of his destiny. But the poem flows and changes as dreams flow and change, and the complete meaning remains obscure. This, to me, is a lesser poem of Aiken's.

In the next instalment of "Round about Parnassus" I hope to take up a number of the newer volumes.

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Enquiry or Indictment?

THE CARTER-POLLARD DISCLOSURES. By Gabriel Wells. New York: Doubleday, Doran & Co. 1934. 60 *cents.*

Reviewed by TEMPLE SCOTT

REVIEWS of the remarkable disclosures by Messrs. Carter and Pollard which have already been printed in *The Saturday Review* and many other influential literary periodicals both here and in England, have accepted the authors' findings. A consensus of opinion has been brought about that the pamphlets under their consideration were spurious —not forgeries as Mr. Wells properly points out. Their "Enquiry" into the nature of these pamphlets is perhaps the ablest piece of bibliographical research of modern times and it has served its purpose in bringing about a juster estimate of the provenance of these pamphlets. The evidence adduced against their genuineness is overwhelming. Mr. Wells has no quarrel with them for this part of their "Enquiry." That, he thinks, has been done with "competence." His purpose in writing on this subject is to enter a demurrer against the authors in not holding the tenor of their book "within the spirit of strict objectivity."

It is his opinion that they "slipped from an Enquiry into an Indictment"—a veiled indictment at that—against Mr. Thomas J. Wise, the eminent bibliographer, to whom their fingers point as the sponsor for these spurious publications. As he surveys this part of the case he asks himself three questions: First, who started and carried on the performance? Second, what was the presumable motive behind it? Third, who was chiefly responsible in point of sponsorship? As regards the first question he is of the opinion that it is most difficult to answer, for it involves surmises and imputations. But he thinks that no single individual carried on the performance. As for the motive behind these performances he cannot see that it was a pecuniary one as the amounts involved were, in the main, trifling. For the sponsorship he admits that Mr. Wise's responsibility here counts heaviest. "It was he more than any one else who supplied the bibliographical standing of these spurious issues." But, Mr. Wise, he urges pertinently, is only human and he might have been deceived about these pamphlets as were all the learned librarians and collectors who accepted them as genuine first editions. On all these counts Mr. Wells asks that we "judge as we would be judged."

As to the effects these disclosures by Messrs. Carter and Pollard may have on book collectors, Mr. Wells is of the opinion that they "may passingly perplex the timid collector but will have no appreciable effect upon sturdy collectors." He adds,

> The collecting instinct is deeply rooted in human nature, whose destiny is culture. And culture is not a walk-over affair, but an uphill effort. All the lines of human activity are beset with risks and uncertainties. It is good so, as otherwise we should grow flabby.

In writing this dignified plea for Mr. Wise, Mr. Wells has performed a graciously human action on behalf of an old man who is dying and is mentally unfit to defend himself—a man also who has, in his prime, served the bibliographical world with fine zeal and devotion, as well as with consummate ability. The Catalogue of the Ashley Library, which is Mr. Wise's universally acknowledged *magnum opus,* will continue to hold its authoritative value for more than our generation.

A Turbulent Life

I WANTED OUT. By Elsie Robinson. New York: Farrar & Rinehart. 1934. $2.

Reviewed by MARION C. DODD

THIS decidedly unusual book has somewhat the quality of a sharp bell. It is harsh, almost strident. It is sound, but more striking than beautiful. Miss Robinson has wholesome insight and tremendous courage; she has been deeply moved, and many of her readers, although they may protest at first at certain blatant qualities of her writing, will be carried on by her story and by the striking words and phrases she has for every episode. Probably they will end by accepting her and reading the book through—taking its slang and rough humor, its vernacular and its pell-mell, hoydenish, exclamatory character as a cold plunge which they may sometimes dislike but cannot ignore.

Miss Robinson's story is of a young California girl of the uninformed, transitional nineties, in the particular crude and harsh background which—both socially and industrially—still prevailed then in the far West. Freedom and family affection, however, she felt there, and a mistaken marriage (of escape) into a harsh Puritan Vermont setting was a violent transfer which she was unable to achieve without anguish and intense loneliness, and which, finally, after ten years of desolation and futile effort, she abandoned.

An amazing period of life in a gold-mining camp, in a Western mountain desert, occupies the other most striking section of the book. Mrs. Robinson had gone there for the health of her child; she remained to labor desperately with the miners for her self-support, one woman side by side with them in their rough and violent struggle for existence. Her sense of beauty in the physical background broke through all the harshness and brutality of this existence, and, along with courage and maternal devotion, was a sustaining force. A still more desperate and tragic struggle for self-support followed in San Francisco, and finally came to a solution in newspaper work and journalism, but only by incredible endless hours of toil. Happier experiences come at last, and a note of greater peace and adjustment closes the turbulent book.

The New Books

Biography

ROBERT BRUCE, KING OF SCOTS. By Agnes Mure Mackenzie. Macmillan. 1935. $3.50.

Fired by a natural enthusiasm for the history and manners of his native country, Mr. Maclehose of the great Glasgow printing house has inaugurated of late years a series of entertaining and useful books concerning various aspects of Scottish life in the past and the present. Now he has persuaded Miss Mackenzie to the task of creating a fresh full-length portrait of the most spectacular of Scottish heroes, Robert Bruce, a task which she has performed with a good deal of patriotic spirit, properly restrained by native caution and an exacting scholarly instinct.

The career of Bruce, enshrouded as it is in clouds of conflicting and romantic evidence, is one that has inevitably given historians copious room for disagreement. They cannot impugn his military sagacity or his power of leadership, but of his statecraft and, more particularly, of his personal honesty and loyalty they have frequently been sceptical. Miss Mackenzie, however, has very wisely refused to be influenced by modern arguments and opinions, and has allowed her picture of the Bruce to grow out of her astutely imaginative searchings among the original documents. The Bruce whom she thus presents is a most compelling figure, less gigantic, perhaps, than the hero of popular legend, but far more interesting as a man uniformly steadfast of purpose and blessed with an uncommon share of sound common sense. She contrives most persuasively to clear his name of most of the aspersions that have been thrown at it, and to leave him more credible, if somewhat less superhuman, than most of her predecessors have done. Also, her book is something more than just a biography; it is a very useful commentary upon the medieval life of Scotland.

C. D. A.

Drama

THE PETRIFIED FOREST. By Robert Sherwood. Scribners. 1935. $2.

This is Mr. Sherwood's best play. He is playing his own game here, not somebody else's, as in the second-rate Shaw which he gave us in "The Road To Rome," and playing it expertly. The showman gets away with the witty satirist before he finishes and that which starts as a sort of study of a bewildered generation ends in frank melodrama. But no matter—the play is one of the best "shows" of the New York season, and its first act really fine comedy.

The scene is a desert gas-filling station and the petrified forest refers both to the actual forest adjacent and to several of the characters. The garrulous old ex-pioneer, living in the past—and off the income from his real-estate speculations—the American legionnaires, unaware that a new world has grown up since they came back from the war, and several others, are "petrified." The ex-novelist, who married a rich woman and went to live on the Riviera to wait for the major artist to step forth and say something of importance ("that was considered the proper thing to do in the period that followed Scott Fitzgerald"), if too nimble, intellectually, to be spoken of as petrified, at any rate represents a "lost generation." The gunmen who finally shoot up the place are the only ones who definitely know what they want and go straight about getting it in the hot present.

Mr. Sherwood suggests no solutions to the riddles of his troubled characters and his speculations on the new world are lost in melodramatic "theatre," but the come-and-go population of the desert filling-station permits an effective counter-point in the dialogue and the net result, as now being played by Leslie Howard and the rest, is a superior evening's entertainment.

Fiction

YOUNG GENTLEMEN, RISE. By Travis Ingham. Farrar & Rinehart. 1935. $2.

This novel is a return to the manner of the semi-autobiographical novels which were for a time so much in fashion, after "This Side of Paradise." Like most of them, it takes the hero from early childhood to his late twenties; in it the crash and the depression take the place of the war and the post-war insanity for the first generation to find itself lost. Gene Davidson goes to prep school, goes to Yale, goes into advertising as being the likeliest of all the likely ways of making a fortune in a few years, marries, and then of course is thrown into poverty by the crash. This section, which is the reason for the book and ought to be its strongest part, is unfortunately its weakest. We have read so much, in fact and in fiction, about the result of the depression on every type of person that to make an effect with it now needs an unusually incisive pen. And Mr. Ingham's is a happy-go-lucky, pleasant pen; his hero's suffering never becomes really poignant to us.

Naturally the author is more at home with his school and college scenes, in the golden age of the twenties. He writes with such gusto that he sustains the interest in Gene, in spite of showing him as a fairly commonplace schoolboy and undergraduate, leading a normally uneventful life. Gene's only trouble in his early days is sex; and except for track, this is his only interest also; yet his story is told with such good humor and such harmless, amusing obscenity that it is always easier to go on reading than to stop. For Yale men the book will have the perennial interest of a transparent *roman à clef:* the picture of Yale is a superficial one, but the incident, for instance, of the instructor who imprudently tried to quell a riot single-handed, is related with an appreciation of its absurdity that will delight every one who remembers it. But a major theme like the depression, whether regarded as a personal tragedy or a subject for social criticism, is at present at least not Mr. Ingham's best field.

B. D.

WHALERS OF THE MIDNIGHT SUN. By Alan Villiers. Scribners. 1934. $2.

"Falmouth for Orders" and "Grain Race," to mention but two of Mr. Alan Villiers's fine sea books, proved him a descriptive writer of great power. A lover of square-rigged sailing ships, he has written at some length and from active personal experience in them, of tall ships that yet storm around Cape Horn on their ocean voyages to and from Australian ports. In these books his word pictures of storm and stress at sea, of calm and idle sailing, of departure and landfall, are faithful and convincing, and always his ship has been his heroine, her daily doings his chiefest interest. Here and there, a brief and kindly characterization of his shipmates showed that it was not beyond his powers to write of the intimate 'inboard" life of his ship with the same earnest consideration.

In "Whalers of the Midnight Sun," that bright promise just falls short of fulfilment. We surmise that the author had juveniles in mind when he commenced

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the book, and brought young "Alfie" and his pathetic gang of Hobart waifs aboard the "factory" whaleship *Pelagos* on an epic pioneering voyage in the Antarctic. Certainly, Mr. Villiers is writing again from intimate personal experience of another form of far seafaring in perilous waters, but in this book he has interwoven his stirring narrative with fictional adventure. The description of hardship in the bleak Antarctic Seas is in the author's best manner. One lives with gallant Captain Petersen in his pioneer effort to speed ship where whale can go, in his many anxieties, and in the vindication of his beliefs when, after incredible hardship, the sea course he commanded brings the *Pelagos* into open water in the Wedell Sea.

The book is well illustrated and juvenile readers can have their fill of adventure in its perusal, but "Little Alfie" and his gang should not be in a whaleship.

D. B.

THE HILL OF LIES. By Heinrich Mann. Dutton. 1935. $2.50.

This is the story of Marie Lehning, the daughter of penniless members of a small fishing and resort community on the Baltic. As a child she was set to watch the twins of some visitors to Warmsdorf—curiously disagreeable twins, a boy and a girl. A few years later she met the twins again, under strange circumstances; and at their ruthless hands she was almost ruined. She succeeded, however, in bringing about the ruin of her tormentors, and was herself saved for her love at the last moment.

Marie is a normal girl until her troubles upset her mind. The twins, however, are thoroughly abnormal, and all their actions are the actions of psychopathic individuals. The pain and the grief which they bring to Marie would arouse in the reader only the most violent antipathy, were it not obvious that the sinners suffer more than the one sinned against.

The novel begins as a story of people; but it grows into a story of the conflict of minds and wills that are not quite sane. Perhaps the latter half of the book is a little too much in the world that most men do not know; but the story is moving and fascinating.

The Muirs, who have rendered the book into English, have as usual done an excellent piece of translating. S. A. N.

SEVEN POOR MEN OF SYDNEY. By Christina Stead. Appleton-Century. 1935. $2.50.

Here is a book that is "The Unpossessed" of Sydney, Australia. That glib characterization ignores a host of differences, but it emphasizes an astonishing similarity. Miss Stead's mind is not furnished in the same fashion as Miss Slesinger's, nor is Sydney like New York, and the method of the former is very unlike that of the latter. But overshadowing all dissimilarities is the surprising fact that "Seven Poor Men" brings "The Unpossessed" immediately, unmistakably, to mind.

Out there in the Antipodes a brilliant, febrile, rebellious generation has grown up. The opportunities being almost entirely missing, it cannot function according to the patterns set by New York intellectuals and consequently the characters are closer to the working class. Several of them are actually of it, being employees of a printing establishment. Several more are visitors to it as labor journalists and leaders. A few very minor figures are from the university. In spite of this circumstance, all suffer from the feeling that they lack a place in the world of their elders. They are the "self-taught" who, because they cannot escape the economic ties entirely and so achieve a complete "declassing," remain on the fringe of the more stolid working class. Those who have managed to escape are a war veteran whose life has disintegrated entirely, his sister who is by nature emotionally unstable, and a cripple dependent for support on the charring of his mother. The un-Australian, semi-Lindsay-ish culture of all is a curious amalgam of mysticism, folk-lore, pseudo-Freudianism, fantasy, irony, and plain bitterness, the whole topped off by a curiously un-Leninistic communism.

There is practically no story. The book proceeds from episode to episode after a somewhat baffling and overwritten introduction, each one more feverish than the last, to a climax compounded of a suicide, a voluntary immurement in an insane asylum (these two integrated by a confession of frustrated incest), a departure to England because of the inheritance of money and position, and absconding and bankruptcy which deprive the printers of employment. Obviously there is madness here, and astonishing violence of imagination that can only be explained by saying that the book was written by Christina Stead!

Yet brilliant phraseology plays like dazzling heat-lightning over this Stygian, oppressive darkness. Miss Stead has produced a book, feverish in its brilliance, entertaining in a bitter way, and like "The Unpossessed," a sum in writing which adds up, in the end, to practically nothing.

C. H. G.

Music

COMPOSERS OF TODAY. Compiled and edited by David Ewen. Wilson. 1934. $4.50.

Mr. David Ewen, favorably known as compiler and editor of anthologies on musical subjects, has given us a lavishly illustrated book on the "Composers of Today." It is intended as "a comprehensive biographical and critical guide to modern composers of all nations." The intention is fully realized. Mr. Ewen should be complimented on his catholic and yet discriminating choice. The omissions are probably few and negligible. Among Americans the absence of the dead Charles Tomlinson Griffes (still very much of today) and the living Arthur Shepherd—in a company that includes much talent inferior to theirs—is regrettable. That the book contains not a few composers who belong to yesterday rather than today, is no fault. In each of such cases, the composer may be said to have contributed something to "modernity," that elusive and volatile aroma which forever obtrudes itself in art. As one scans these more than three hundred pages, one is struck by the plentifulness of present-day musical creation. One is also inclined to wonder how many of these names may safely be included in a roster of "composers of tomorrow."

C. E.

Latest Books Received

BELLES LETTRES

John Gibson Lockhart. G. Macbeth. Univ. of Illinois Pr. $2.25.

BIOGRAPHY

The Cardinal's Niece. F. C. Mackenzie. Scribners. $3. *Maimonides (The Rambam).* J. Münz. Boston: Winchell-Thomas. $1.50.

MISCELLANEOUS

The Social Ideas of American Educators. M. Curti. Scribners. $3. *A Successful Investor's Letters to His Son.* K. Hellberg. Minneapolis: Carter Press. *What You Should Know About Heart Disease.* H. E. B. Pardee, M.D. Phil.: Lea & Febiger. *Herbs and the Earth.* H. Beston. Doubleday. $2. *East and West.* G. Murray and R. Tagore. Boston: World Peace Foundation. 75 cents. *Soviet Russia Fights Crime.* L. von Koerber. Dutton. $3. *A Lawyer's Philosophy of Life.* P. W. Gardner. Beacon. $1. *Modern Motherhood.* C. E. Heaton. Farrar. $2.

TRAVEL

Smara. M. Vieuchange. Dutton. $2.75.

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WILD SONG *Alice Ross Culver* (Dodd, Mead: $2.)	Novel	Attractive suburban matron and her children all become involved in tempestuous love affairs.	Time-killer
WHAT MANNER OF LOVE? *Rita Weiman* (Longmans, Green: $2.)	Novel	Successful, fortyish playwright rescues future Hepburn from bestial boss, embarks her on B'way.	Aces
WAS IT A HOLIDAY? *Theodora Codman* (Little, Brown: $1.75.)	Narrative	The lady accompanied her buying spouse on a motor tour through the vineyard districts of France.	Gay

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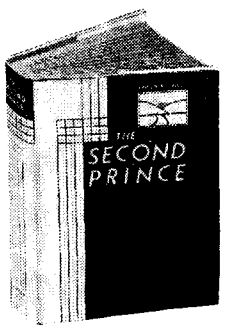

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YOU KNOW THESE LINES! A Bibliography of the Most Quoted Verses in American Poetry. By Merle Johnson. Foreword by H. L. Mencken. New York: G. A. Baker & Company. 1935. Limited to 1,000 copies signed by the compiler. $5.

MR. JOHNSON'S upstream pursuit of the slithery quotation, prosecuted with diligence over several years, has at last brought him home with a full hamper. The result is a manual that will direct collecting activity into regions which heretofore have rarely been explored. Any effort designed to augment the factor of variety in collecting, thereby adding to the world's total of collectible books, is on that account alone praiseworthy. There remains for computation the measure of Mr. Johnson's success in attempting what was well worth attempting. In the main he has admirably fulfilled the exacting requirements of the task he set himself. His shortcomings consist in a modest quota of errors of omission and fewer of commission, the arbitrariness of his selections, and (if this be a fault) an occasional honest and manly admission that he is stumped.

"You Know These Lines!" traces to their source a hundred or so of the catch-jingles (sometimes a brief phrase, occasionally a full stanza) which all of us know as we know our multiplication tables: "Shoot, if you must, this old gray head," "Truth, crushed to earth, shall rise again," "Why don't you speak for yourself, John!", "Curfew must not ring tonight," "Woodman, spare that tree!", "Over the hill to the poorhouse," "Backward, turn backward, O Time in your flight," "And Sheridan twenty miles away," "Only God can make a tree," "And what is so rare as a day in June?" Mr. Johnson determines where these and their brethren first appeared (which was usually in a periodical), and lists in addition subsequent appearances in book form (often in anthologies or casual compilations) up to and including "the first book credited to the author in which the lines first appeared." He does all this, but he does it in reverse. Many consultants will not like this arrangement, but at least the data is usually all there, and it is a simple matter to run down the fact one wants. Mr. Johnson omits to mention that Alan Seeger's "I have a Rendezvous With Death" first appeared in *The North American Review* for October, 1916—the issue in which the redoubtable Colonel George Harvey came out for Charles Evans Hughes for President. He is inconsistent in his discussion of William Allen Butler's "Nothing to Wear," accenting the original anonymous separate (1857) edition and making no mention of the 1871 edition of Butler's "Poems," which latter, by Mr. Johnson's own plan, should not only be listed but should head the list. He occasionally records sheet-music appearances (as separates of specific poems rather than as songs), but he does not disclose that "The Children's Hour" was issued in this form in 1860, a few weeks after its serial appearance and three years before its first book appearance. Perhaps his greatest shortcoming is his inclusion of declared household words which will be strangers, moderate or utter, to most of us. Whittier's "The Eternal Goodness" and Edmund Vance Cooke's "The Moo-Cow-Moo" are not included in most personal armories of deathless quotation, yet Mr. Johnson puts them in his Section One, and in Section Two (comprising a summary tabulation of nearly fifty familiars "not in the obvious majority") buries "Off agin, on agin, Gone agin,—Finnigin" and "You'd scarce expect one of my age To speak in public on the stage."

Mr. Johnson is floored, and admits as much, by "Little drops of water, Little grains of sand" and by "The lips that touch liquor shall never touch mine." But to compensate for this, his exegesis of "The Heathen Chinee" is an admirable and important bit of bibliography—and rather more than a bit, occupying, as it does, four full pages. The famous and troublesome issue on separate lithographed cards put out by the Western News Company of Chicago in 1870, soon after the poem's original appearance (as "Plain Language from Truthful James") in the *Overland Monthly* for September of that year, is here discussed in meticulous detail, though it is regrettable to find Mr. Johnson writing "seraph" for "serif."

"You Know These Lines!" is readable in its own right, and is off to a rousing start with Mr. Mencken's tart dissection of "these ghastly 'poems'." The non-collector can enjoy the compilation as thoroughly as the collector. To the collector it will serve as sailing-orders to a harbor which is not yet crowded but in which anchorage will soon be at a premium. Moreover, it is entirely permissible for the collector, if he does not approve of Mr. Johnson's selections in their entirety, to chart his own course. But he will do well to use the Johnson technique.

Double-Crostics: Number 52

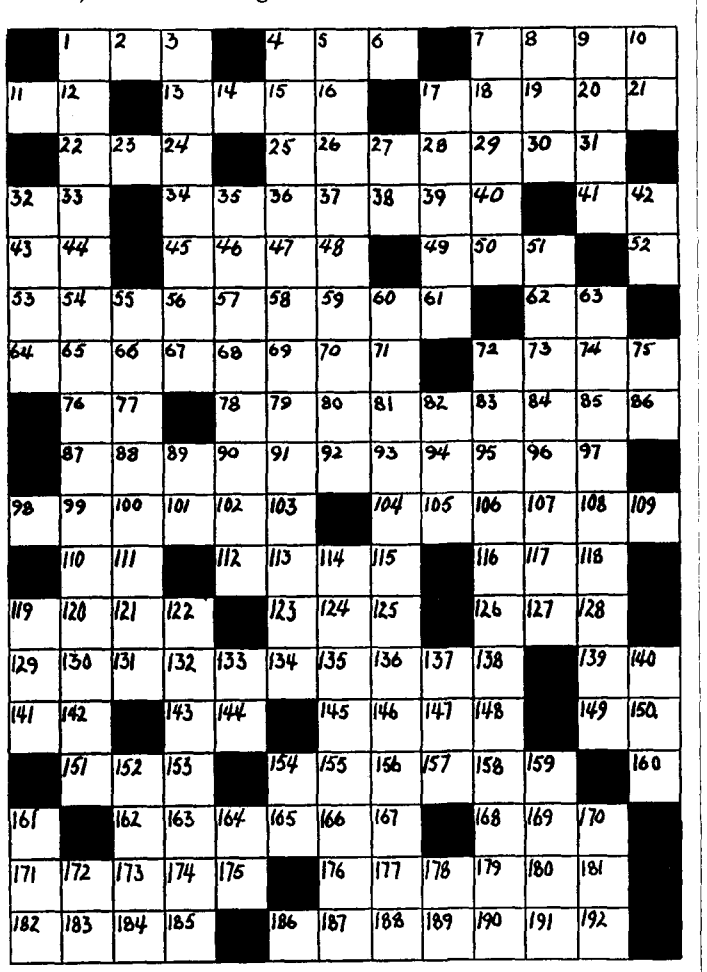
By ELIZABETH S. KINGSLEY

DIRECTIONS

To solve this puzzle, you must guess twenty-nine words, the definitions of which are given in the column headed DEFINITIONS. The letters in each word to be guessed are numbered (these numbers appear at the beginning of each definition) and you are thereby able to tell how many letters are in the required word. When you have guessed a word each letter is to be written in the correspondingly numbered square on the puzzle diagram. When the squares are all filled in you will find (by reading from left to right) a quotation from a famous author. Reading up and down the letters mean nothing. The black squares indicate ends of words; therefore words do not necessarily end at the right side of the diagram.

Either before (preferably) or after placing the letters in their squares you should write the words you have guessed on the blank lines which appear to the right in the column headed WORDS. There is a dash for each letter. The initial letters of this list of words spell the name of the author and the title of the piece from which the quotation has been taken. Unless otherwise indicated, the author is English or American.

DEFINITIONS	WORDS
I. 178-19-169-67-136-144-40. Leader of Germanic invaders (449).	_ _ _ _ _ _ _
II. 153-125-62-149-11-160-175-44. The science of origins.	_ _ _ _ _ _ _ _
III. 88-20-188-124-159. Husband of Semiramis.	_ _ _ _ _
IV. 15-152-58-174-120-164-35. Wine from Germany.	_ _ _ _ _ _ _
V. 138-78-162. A European evergreen.	_ _ _
VI. 27-92-173-114-140-107-163-52. Occurring in isolated cases.	_ _ _ _ _ _ _ _
VII. 184-166-23-10-142-47. English poet (1731-1800).	_ _ _ _ _ _
VIII. 26-186-5-131-111-59. Keenness of insight.	_ _ _ _ _ _
IX. 54-8-110-45-176-128-102-165. Symphony by Dvorak (2 words).	_ _ _ _ _ _ _
X. 123-4-37-151. Prize fight; spell of illness.	_ _ _ _
XI. 1-61-129-28-190-30-79-157-101-185-93. Poetic for last evening.	_ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _
XII. 137-81-66-87-158. Fresh water game fish.	_ _ _ _ _
XIII. 39-113-170-187-116-56-98-84-77. Believers in pleasure.	_ _ _ _ _ _ _ _
XIV. 80-172-182-148-189. Irish insurrectionist (1778-1803).	_ _ _ _ _
XV. 96-65-155-83-89-3-122-57. Checked, hindered.	_ _ _ _ _ _ _
XVI. 38-32-117-64-181. Children's book by Gelett Burgess.	_ _ _ _
XVII. 73-167-132-105-68-91. A style of furniture and dress.	_ _ _ _ _
XVIII. 22-127-118-147-171-63-12-143-141-69-21. Surpass in tactics.	_ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _
XIX. 55-134-71-90-16. American philosopher, historian (1842-1901).	_ _ _ _ _
XX. 135-33-36-145-31-95-76-177. A short passage or course.	_ _ _ _ _ _ _
XXI. 146-112-97-94-70-42. Nocturnal and wise.	_ _ _ _ _ _
XXII. 24-156-139-82-46-192. A lump of metal.	_ _ _ _ _ _
XXIII. 161-48-126-154-150. Land held under feudal system.	_ _ _ _ _
XXIV. 130-25-7-53-34-2-191-41. Powerless.	_ _ _ _ _ _ _ _
XXV. 109-51-85-106-72-13-168-17-43-6. Wrote play about Lincoln.	_ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _
XXVI. 115-104-14-75-99-86. Antidote to (irritant) poison.	_ _ _ _ _ _
XXVII. 100-9-119. At once; without delay.	_ _ _
XXVIII. 60-180-103-49-133-108. A French or Spanish colonial.	_ _ _ _ _ _
XXIX. 179-50-74-18-183-29-121. Book by Lily.	_ _ _ _ _ _ _



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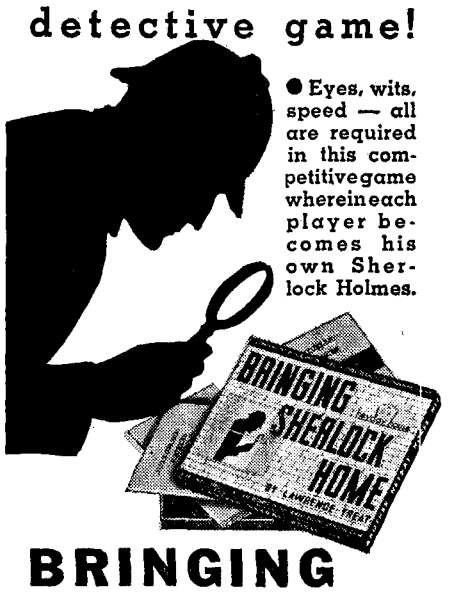

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IS THERE comedienne, Manhattan, interested corresponding comedian, twenty? Voulez-Vous."

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YOUNG MAN, 25, now and for past five years with noted banking house, feels he is in wrong groove and wants to remedy situation before complacency sets in. Would welcome any opportunity to start over in other field, advertising, publishing, any work not too routine. Latter very important, not so the salary. Highest references, of course. Box 305-A.

IS THERE anyone, anywhere, who is able to appreciate and use the services of an intelligent and unusual young man to good advantage? Box 306-A.

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LOVE POEMS of an Artist Model, by Irene Browne. Introduction by C. J. Bulliet. Frontispiece by A. Raymond Katz (Sandor). Printed in two colors. Bound in imported hand-made patterned paper. 48 pages, 4¾ x 6¾. $2.00 postpaid. Black Cat Press, 4940 Winthrop Avenue, Chicago, Ill.

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TO EXCHANGE 1935 Fortune subscription for two year's Saturday Review. Box 314-A.

IS THERE a bit of mysticism left in this materialistic sphere? Open for proof. "Lucretia."

ICONOCLAST, professional young man, thirty. fond books, rambles, welcomes correspondence cheerful, sensible individuals, Unkindly disposed puritans, intellectuals, obsessionists. Box 315-A.

IF SPRING COMES .... Perplexed young couple (Economist, stylist) seeking inexpensive summer near New York. Any ideas? Box 317-A.

The Clearing House

Conducted by AMY LOVEMAN

Inquiries in regard to the choice of books should be addressed to MISS LOVEMAN, c/o *The Saturday Review*. A stamped and addressed envelope should be enclosed for reply.

LEE'S CAMPAIGNS

C. C. of Island Park, N. Y., *is interested in procuring an account of Lee's campaigns in the Civil War—not his life—in one volume.*

LIKE "the old person of Woking, Whose mind was perverse and provoking," when I'm asked for a one-volume account which is not a biography I immediately refer to the four volumes of Douglas Southall Freeman's life of the great Confederate which have just been completed. C. C. really ought to get hold of this work if only for supplementary reading, for it is likely to prove the definitive biography of Lee and is moreover a highly interesting study of one of the most arresting figures of American history. In another part of this issue of the *Saturday Review* C. C. will find a review of Freeman's last volumes and an incidental analysis by the English military critic, Captain Liddell Hart, of certain features of the battle of Gettysburg and of the causes which cost the South the war. So now, having disburdened myself of enthusiasm for a work in which I have been browsing all too little for my own satisfaction, I hasten to return to C. C.'s actual request. Perhaps the volume which will best give him what he wants is a work by another Englishman, General F. B. Maurice, whose ROBERT E. LEE, THE SOLDIER (Houghton Mifflin) is evidence of the traditional interest on the part of British military critics in the Civil War. Volume VI of James Fords Rhodes's HISTORY OF THE UNITER STATES (Macmillan) covers the years 1850-1877, and recounts Lee's campaigns in some detail, presenting maps along with its exposition. For a first hand account of operations in Virginia there is General Longstreet's FROM MANASSAS TO APPOMATTOX (Lippincott), which of course, represents the participant's and the contemporary's point of view. Writing the word Manassas, revives the thrill I felt the other day when, returning from a brief trip to Alabama, I woke in the morning just in time to see the name Chicamauga on a peaceful wayside station and to be carried a little later past another sign bearing the legend Manassas—Bull Run. Curious how placidly and unrevealingly these spots which knew the havoc of war slumbered in the early sunshine. The imagination somehow refuses to accept their unconcern.

DANTE TRANSLATIONS

F. D. of Holland, N. Y., *wants an English translation of Dante's* DIVINE COMEDY *or of the* VITA NUOVA.

Within the past year Dutton has reissued what is perhaps the simplest and one of the most effective translations of THE DIVINE COMEDY, that by T. A. Carlyle, Thomas Okey, and P. H. Wicksteed. This is a prose version, and contains copious notes and brief explanatory essays. The prose renditions by Longfellow and by Charles Eliot Norton also rank high, and the blank verse translation of H. F. Cary has long been standard. Last year Laurence Binyon published a version in English triple rhyme which presents the Italian text and the English translation on facing pages, and manages to preserve much of the splendor of the original in the rendition. Mr. Binyon is a distinguished enough poet in his own right and has sufficient metrical ingenuity to have produced impressive English verse as well as a sound translation. As for the VITA NUOVA Rossetti's translation has beauty and reputation. Okey's excellent rendition is issued as one of the Temple classics with full notes.

SOUTH AMERICA

A. B. of Evanston, Ill., *is helping make up the program for a Chicago Club which is to study South America next year. The interests of the club, she says, are almost entirely literary and musical, but the program will include other subjects than these. She wants books which would be helpful in the preparation of the program.*

Though it is now over twenty years old Bryce's SOUTH AMERICA—OBSERVATIONS AND IMPRESSIONS (Macmillan) is still an admirable book for the club's purposes. No North American needs to be told what were the qualities of the author of THE AMERICAN CONSTITUTION or will fear that any work by him will lack judgment, penetration, or interest. I read his SOUTH AMERICA when first it appeared and much of it is still vivid in my memory, so full of lively description and comment was it. Bryce laid little stress in it upon political conditions and treated economic matters briefly, laying his emphasis upon the mind and habits of the people and the general aspects of their countries. If the club wishes more specific treatment of the economic background of the South American nations than is to be had from Bryce it will find Clarence Fielden Jones's SOUTH AMERICA (Holt) a good book to which to refer; for a general survey of the other America it can take Charles William Domville-Fife's MODERN SOUTH AMERICA (Lippincott), a comprehensive work based on twenty years of personal observation which devotes separate chapters to each of the ten countries. A provocative volume which the club can take for what it is, a general philosophical speculation in the manner of THE TRAVEL DIARY OF A PHILOSOPHER, is Count Keyserling's SOUTH AMERICA, MEDITATIONS ON HELL AND HEAVEN IN THE SOUL OF MAN (Harpers). For the Inca period in South American history, which A. B. particularly mentions, there is always, of course, Prescott's CONQUEST OF PERU, written before the period of archeological investigations but still one of the leading works in its field. Scientific studies lend authority to Philip Ainsworth Means's ANCIENT CIVILIZATION OF THE ANDES (Scribner). Alfred Lester Coester's LITERARY HISTORY OF SPANISH AMERICA (Macmillan) devotes a chapter to each of the important countries of South America with the exception of Brazil the literature of which is written in Portuguese. In her anthology of over two hundred poems entitled SOME SPANISH-AMERICAN POETS (Appleton-Century) Alice Stone Blackwell places the Spanish originals and the translations on facing pages, and includes among her selections the poems of such writers as Jose Santos Chocano of Peru and Gabriela Mistral of Chile. Alas and alack, I know of no books which treat of music in South America, and my effort to find some has ended in failure. Perhaps some kind reader will supply the information.

HERE'S TO THEM!

J. R. M., of Boston, Mass., *asks for the names of a few books on Toasts. What he has in mind is "toasts of a robust, sparkling nature, but still not offensive in theme."*

THE TOASTER'S HANDBOOK (Wilson), by Peggy Edmund and Harold Workman Williams (both names are pseudonyms) has gone into a third edition, proof that it has been of use to many. It contains selections which are mainly humorous but enough serious material to serve for necessary occasions; its contents are arranged under subject headings thus being readily available for consultation. MORE TOASTS (Wilson), by Marion Dix Mosher, and STILL MORE TOASTS (Wilson) by Helen Marie Muller, both contain jokes, stories, and quotations arranged alphabetically under subject headings. THE BIG TOAST BOOK (Shrewbury Publishing Co.), compiled by C. B. Case, presents after-dinner stories suited to all occasions, and pages 121-138 of Rand's CLUBS, bring together toasts and after-dinner speeches.

BOOKS ON CONTEMPORARY AUTHORS

E. L., of Caro, Mich., *who is giving a course in current literature in a Freshman college, would like to make it as well as a guide to worth while reading a course in appreciation. She wants suggestions for a book or books on contemporary authors which could be used as supplementary reading to their own works.*

Stuart P. Sherman's MAIN STREAM (Scribners) contains many of the essays on contemporary authors which that brilliant and gifted critic contributed to the *Herald-Tribune Books* in the period of the editorship which was so tragically terminated by his death. Interpretations of the work of Edwin Arlington Robinson, Robert Frost, Edgar Lee Masters, Carl Sandburg, and Amy Lowell among the poets, and of Edith Wharton, Tarkington, Dreiser, Cabell, and Cather among the novelists are to be found in Percy Boynton's SOME CONTEMPORARY AMERICANS (University of Chicago Press). E. L. could, I think, find much enlightening material on the current-day writers, even though in the main it is not in the form of specific essays upon them, in Henry Seidel Canby's AMERICAN ESTIMATES (Harcourt, Brace), and his DEFINITIONS, FIRST AND SECOND SERIES (Harcourt, Brace).

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VIRGINIA FAULKNER
author of The Barbarians ($2.00)
just published

The Inner Sanctum gives you VIRGINIA FAULKNER. She is the author of *Friends and Romans,* which you may remember, and of a new novel, *The Barbarians,* which you *will* remember.

When *Friends and Romans* was published, MISS FAULKNER wasn't old enough to vote. Now—one year later—she waives immunity. In her efforts to leave no muse unturned, she has now shifted the scene of her fictional activities from Rome to Paris.

The Barbarians leaves acres of axes unground and miles of stones unturned. It is, the author proudly states, a light novel which will (a) keep you awake and (b) not prevent you from going to sleep.

Who, you may ask, are "The Barbarians"? Well, they are a group of young artists as pleasantly mad as the Sanger Circus (remember *The Constant Nymph?*). Among them are: (1) PHIP, who keeps a notebook in the hope that some day it may reciprocate; (2) MARIE MANFRED, who will be remembered with delight by readers of *Friends and Romans;* and (3) the BARONESS KONSTANZE VON SCHANZBURG, who believes that a wedding ring is so small, it's hard to stay inside.

When immoral suasion fails, MISS FAULKNER frankly resorts to farce. *The Barbarians* (jacket by SALTER) contains enough epigrams for seven books. *The Inner Sanctum* wouldn't exaggerate if it said six.

And *The Barbarians* also contains more hilarity than is quite refined—a fact unlamented by

—ESSANDESS

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Trade Winds

By P. E. G. QUERCUS

☞This seems an opportunity to print a letter from Trade Winds' favorite correspondent, Mr. W. S. Hall, describing impressions during his first visit to Japan.

Imperial Hotel, Tokyo

"I've been getting the S. R. regularly and it's keeping me posted on what's happening home. I did get back for a space one day last week in the hotel barber shop. Here I had the choice between Japanese newspapers and a dog-eared *Life* of July 15th. There was a whole page of the adventures of a chap with a new pair of garden shears which I thought very funny and I had to laugh. The barber started laughing and we had a great time. Incidentally the Japanese sleep nights as all the rest of the world does. In the day time they laugh and they bow. Now I've done my share of laughing I imagine but I've ignored bowing almost entirely. Now I'm catching up. Don't think it's so simple as it sounds. If your opponent bows twice, you bow twice. If he feels like keeping it up all afternoon you have to respond, bow for bow. Otherwise they think of you the Japanese equivalent for 'He just can't take it.'

"There is no visible evidence of a depression here, nor does any one speak of any such thing. The route from Shanghai to Kobe, through the Inland Sea, reveals more smoke stacks than cherry blossoms and pagodas. Smoke stacks belching forth lots of smoke too. In the meantime I had plenty of time watching the ship miss hitting a fishing boat. There are thousands of them to miss. They can gauge their timing to a nicety and slip under the bow with only a few feet to spare. It's neat sailing but it must worry the pilot for here too I understand there's a severe penalty for collisions. Even if you're right!

"To offset the deal of talk about Japan's economic menace to other countries, there are being published here a great many books, in English mostly, about more pleasant phases of Japanese life. The program is really only begun. I think Japan realizes she's in danger of taking our place as most disliked nation if her foreign trade keeps on at the rate it's going. So with each shipload of merchandise, a few cases of books. That's the idea. Here are a few just published titles—*Japan's Advance* by James A. B. Scherer; *Japan Whither?* same author; *A Japanese Omelette* by Major R. V. C. Bodley; *A Tokyo Calendar* by Frank H. Lee; *The Lure of Japan* by Shunkichi Akimato; *The Secret of Japan's Trade Expansion* by Isoshi Asahi; *The Drama of the Pacific* (by Bodley also I believe). All these books are printed and published in Japan at absurdly low prices. The Asahi book is one yen (30c) *Japan's Advance* is a fraction over a dollar, our money here, but I notice the price in U. S. is to be $3.50. That's way off!

"I've read most of these books and I still approve of Japan! Anyone underestimating J. makes a big mistake. Their whole attitude is one of dogged determination and the whole nation is as one man once an action is decided upon.

"I read somewhere that Tokyo is the world's third largest city. I don't know but it's very big and very crowded. Way off in another direction from the Ginza (which is Fifth Avenue, Broadway and 14th Street all laid out in one stretch) is the Konda section. Meiji, Hosei, and Senshu Universities are close by with Waseda and Hongo not far off. The neighborhood teems with students who want books. Result—a street—Torijimbocho—with a solid array of second-hand bookshops stretching as far as one can see! They're all about the same size, with open fronts, the door sliding up and out of the way, portcullis fashion. About a dozen of them have a few shelves for foreign books, and John Moore Allison of the American Embassy, and bibliophile extraordinary, had me in all of them. It's a happy hunting ground for the first edition collector because there aren't many collectors here, even though most of the books are of heavier content than *belles-lettres.* Prices are absurdly cheap—last week Allison found *The Lookoutman* by Capt. Bone with an A. L. S. tipped in for one yen! A charming letter too, about the color of the paint on Canadian Pacific hulls. As might be expected, Lafcadio Hearn's books are on the shelves en masse, and much thumbed and interlined with Japanese."

☞The Q. Associates are much interested in the lists of twenty-five most influential books of the last fifty years, compiled by Edward Weeks, John Dewey, and Charles A. Beard, and published in the April *Atlantic.* These lists will start innumerable discussions, to which we hope later to contribute. Meanwhile, a first glance reveals, to our surprise, that Professor Dewey's list contains the highest percentage of fiction: seven titles. (Mr. Weeks lists six, Professor Beard four.) On the latter two lists is Remarque's *All Quiet on the Western Front,* and we hope they are right in their estimate of its influence. The latest news from Germany hardly supports it. We wonder about the pacifist effectiveness of *All Quiet* and other realistic novels of the war on the generation that missed the war; in some people the romantic attitude dies hard.

☞Speaking of influential books, we like the announcement from Harcourt, Brace that "since 1923" they "have been engaged in publishing the English translation of Vilfredo Pareto's great work, *The Mind and Society.*" The four volumes will be published on May 23, and subscription orders placed before that date will be filled at the subscription price, twenty per cent lower than the retail price after publication. Subscription orders can, we understand, be placed through bookstores.

The Criminal Record

The Saturday Review's Guide to Detective Fiction

Title and Author	*Crime, Place, Sleuth*	*Summing Up*	*Verdict*
THE MYSTERY OF THE CLOSED CAR *Kathleen Sproul* (Dutton: $2.)	Suicide of pair in Florida swamp turns out to be murder and Dick Wilson is very busy.	Crooked finance, crooked love, a touch of insanity and muddled but honest sleuthing.	Agreeable
HE LAUGHED AT MURDER *Richard Keverne* (Holt: $2.)	Impudent rogue, hunting treasure hoard, involves friend in perilous hide-and-seek with cops and criminals.	Swiftly moving, suspenseful tale, with unpredictable main character, enjoyable cast, and pleasant British background.	Good hunting
THE BANNERMAN CASE *Jeremy Lord* (Crime Club: $2.)	British scientist, with epochal formula, and brain specialist die messy deaths. Dapper Col. Creevy beats Scotland Yard to solution.	Breathless excursion into international intrigue with magnificent villains and thirteen thrills to the dozen.	It Out-Opps E. P. O.
THE JULIUS CÆSAR MURDER CASE *Wallace Irwin* (Appleton-Century: $2.)	P. Manlius Scribo, Rome reporter, finds new explanation of killing of C. J. Cæsar.	Your crabbed old Judge larfed just once in 306 pages which may or may not be a good sign.	*Ad leones!*
DEATH IN THE AIR *Agatha Christie* (Dodd Mead: $2.)	Passenger on air-liner from Le Bourget found dead just before landing at Croydon. Fortunately M. Hercule Poirot also a passenger.	Mode of death ingenious. Poirot shrewd and calm as usual. Suspicion oscillates well before denouement. Not absolute Top, but still—	Very good

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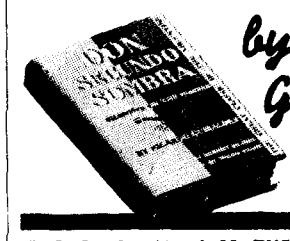

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